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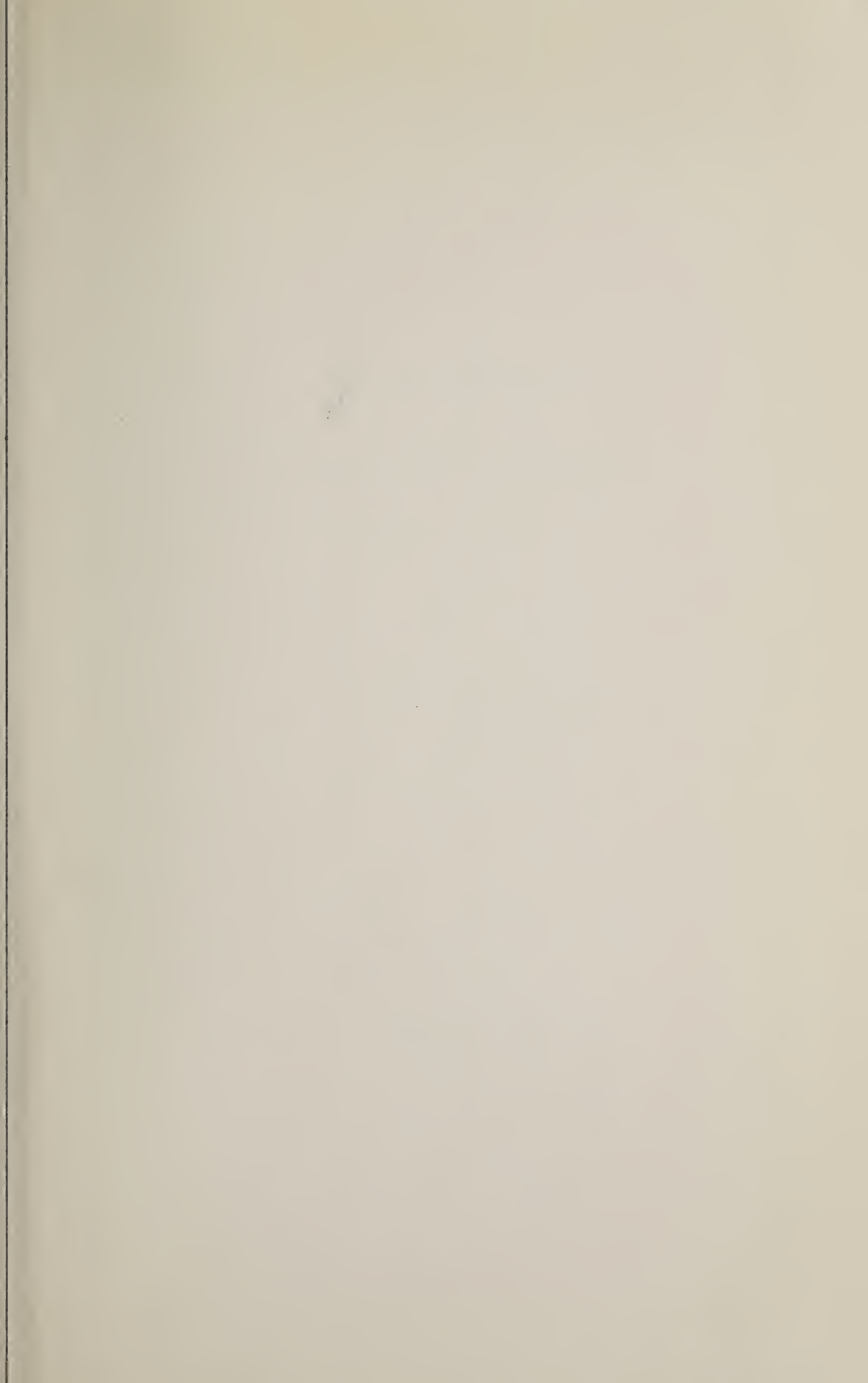


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OUR TWO CENTURIES ^c

in

NORTH GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

1728 - 1924

by

Louise Celestia Mead Feltus

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• DECEMBER
1945



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C O N T E N T S

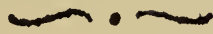


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DECEMBER 25, 1945



A Christmas Letter with a background
of five Christmas seasons of earlier years.

This letter has been written for my eight own cousins of the Mead line. There are other cousins and friends for whom the name North Greenwich has a deep meaning. To them too, I send greetings with this booklet, knowing that they will forgive its very personal family portions. I shall be most grateful to have you tell me of mistakes you find. I wish to express my appreciation to my cousin, Douglass S. Mead, Ph.D. for reading and criticizing the manuscript, and to my sister-in-law, Eliza R. Feltus, whose encouragement and interest has helped in many ways to bring this task to completion.

Dear Cousins:

Happy Greetings to you. This Christmas letter is a letter of memories -- memories and "told-me-so's" which cluster around my years of close contact with the Silas D. Mead homestead with its many comings and goings.

In trying to trace out something of the early history of North Greenwich homes for Dr. Richard L. Weaver, Educational Director of the Audubon Nature Center newly started in North Greenwich, I found many questions that have become unanswerable today. Would I could remember all that Grandma Mead, that wonderful woman who knew just everything, told me! Would I could ask her now the many questions that arise which no one can answer! Lest things we know today become the unknown of tomorrow, I have been tempted into writing this bit of our family history

I charge you to add your own memories and what you have been told by Aunt Tillie, Uncle Sile, Aunt Cornele, Uncle Rashe, Aunt Hattie, and Uncle Zeke, and pass them down through your children to generations yet unborn.

Yours in deep affection and family adoration,

Louise Celestia Mead Feltus
(Mrs. George Haws)



COAT OF ARMS



"Description of Coat of Arms: (1)

SA. a chev. betw. three pelicans Or. Vuln. Gu.

Explanation:

SA., the color is sable, i.e., black.

Chev., a chevron represented as two rafters of a house joined together and descending in the form of a pair of compasses to the extremities of the shield.

Or., signifies gold, and in engraving is represented by small dots.

Three Pelicans Vuln. Gu., i.e., wounding themselves, according to the old tradition that the pelican picked its own breast to nourish its young.

Crest, an eagle displayed.

Motto, Semper Paratus - "Always Ready"

- (1) This is quoted from History and Genealogy of the Mead Family by Spencer P. Mead. It is a great disappointment to me that I could not get the Coat of Arms done in color.

EARLIEST SETTLERS

"The name Mead is the English form of the Norman "dePrato", and to say that a family is Norman is nearly equivalent to saying that it is amongst the oldest of the old, and noblest of the noble." (1) The Norman name "dePrato" is found in Norman records of 1180 - 1195. It was probably translated to "Mead" in the thirteenth century when noblemen were forced to declare their allegiance either to France or to England. William Mead probably came from England on the ship Elizabeth in April, 1635. He was born about 1600, married about 1625, and died in Stamford about 1663. He was among the first forty-two land proprietors of Stamford. His sons, Joseph and John, having lived in Stamford and in Hempstead, Long Island, finally located permanently in "Horseneck" (Greenwich) and were progenitors of the Mead family. The first records in Stamford before 1660 mention Joseph and John. John moved in 1657 from Hempstead, L. I. and bought land in Sound Beach (Old Greenwich) in 1660. He was born about 1634, married Hannah, daughter of William Potter of Stamford, Conn. about 1657, and died in 1699. He was a member of the Assembly in Greenwich in 1679, 1680 and 1686, and one of the twenty-seven original proprietors of "Horse Neck", called "the 27 proprietors of 1672." About 1686 the Indians sold almost their last acre of ground to John's son, Ebenezer I. I have seen this deed from the Indians which is now in possession of my Greenwich friend of long standing, Julia B. Mead, descended from the two Ebenezers through Jonas I and Jonas II. She lived until recent years on that property. The Greenwich Meads trace their

(1) Mead, Spencer P., History and Genealogy of the Mead Family

ancestry back through this son, John. He had eleven children. The only ones that concern us in a North Greenwich record are Ebenezer I, 4th child, David, 6th child, and Benjamin, 7th child. John Mead's descendents number some 5000 names in the Mead genealogy.

Most of our knowledge of the history of North Greenwich in earliest days comes from an address given by our great grandfather, Silas Hervey Mead, "a veteran of eighty-one years", at the fiftieth anniversary of the North Greenwich Congregational Church. I have had this copied for the back of this booklet. You will find what follows much clearer if you will read that address before continuing this letter. In reading it you should understand that references to "the church" and to pastors in the beginning of the paper, mean the Second Congregational Church in "Horse Neck", now called Greenwich.

Soon after 1700 a Quaker family by the name of Marshall, Grandfather tells us, "lived in a house a little north east of where the Academy stands." This means, of course, north east of where it used to stand across the street north and a little west of the church. This Marshall accounts for the name Quaker Ridge, which earlier was called Byram Long Ridge.

Benjamin Mead I, 1666 - 1746, 7th son of John, had eleven children, five by his first wife, Sarah Waterbury, and six by his second wife, Rachel Brown of Rye. The sons were Benjamin II, 1701 - 1799, and Eliphalet, 1704 - 1796, by his first wife; Obadiah, Zebediah, and Nehemiah by his second wife. The daughters of interest to us here are Keziah, 5th child by the first wife, and by the second wife, Mary, 10th child. Benjamin I is listed for the colonial period in Spencer Mead's book as Surveyor for Fairfield Co., 1725 - 1727, and on May 11, 1728

was commissioned Ensign of the West Co. or train band in the town of Greenwich. Benjamin II in 1752, 1754, and 1755 is listed as Surveyor for Fairfield Co., and on October 2, 1767 he was commissioned Lieutenant of the new company, or train band of Greenwich. Two connections, Capt. Isaac Howe and Capt. David Waterbury, which we must not miss, come through the daughter of Benjamin I, named Keziah, who was the second wife of Captain Isaac Howe III. Their daughter, Abigail Howe, married Deliverance Mead who was a brother of Silas, Sr. Their daughter, Sarah, married Silas Mead, Jr. This is the one instance I have found of the marriage of own cousins in our ancestry.

Isaac Howe III, 1711 - 1799, was a captain in the Revolution. His great, great grandfather, Edward, born 1585, came from Essex, England. Isaac Howe's father, Isaac II, 1679 - 1733, married Elizabeth Waterbury, a daughter of Captain David Waterbury I, 1630 - 1706, a Captain in King Philip's War.

In 1728 Benjamin Mead I bought land in North Greenwich and removed to Quaker Ridge from Cos Cob with his four sons and daughter, Mary. Only Benjamin II, Eliphalet, Zebediah and Mary settled in North Greenwich. (1) In 1743 he purchased more land on Quaker Ridge, 68 acres for 147 pounds, from Joseph Marshall, Jr., and acquired other land on the Ridge including some "common" land. He left to his sons in 1746:

- 41 acres to Eliphalet, 3rd child
- 45 acres to Benjamin II, 1st child
- 42 acres to Obadiah (unmarried), 7th child
- 30 acres to Nehemiah, 9th child who probably
never lived in North Greenwich
- 49 acres to Zebediah, 8th child
- 207 acres

(1) For some of these facts I am indebted to the research of Dr. Richard L. Weaver, Educational Director of the Audubon Nature Center, now in No. Greenwich

Deacon Hervey mentions the four earliest settlers as follows:

1728 - Benjamin Mead I

Next - Eliphalet Mead, his son

1741 - Silas Mead, Sr., of the Ebenezer line

Later- Zebediah Mead, son of Benjamin I

Benjamin Mead I was our great, great, great, great grandfather through his daughter, Mary, who married Silas Mead, Sr., son of Ebenezer Mead II. Benjamin I was our great, great, great, great, great, great, grandfather through Jehial Mead II, grandson of Eliphalet Mead and also through Phebe Mead, wife of Jehial II, daughter of Benjamin III, and also through his daughter, Keziah, whose granddaughter, Sarah, married Silas Mead, Jr.

We shall take up the first four settlers in the order given by Great Grandfather. The Benjamin Mead property was on the west side of the Ridge road about a mile south of the church. There is no doubt that Benjamin Mead I built the old house called in our day "The Revolutionary House", which is still standing. Hervey says he was always told that it was built long before the Revolution. Benjamin Mead II was no doubt the builder of the beautiful homestead which we call the Solomon Mead place. It was willed by Benjamin II to his great grandson, Obadiah, who died February 20, 1878, and who by will left the place to his son, Solomon S. Mead, Hervey's grandfather, who in 1896 sold it to Frederick E. Hyde, reserving a fifteen year lease which expired May 20, 1911.

Benjamin II had eleven children. His wife was Martha Ferris. Benjamin III, first child, and Sylvanus, sixth child, a Captain killed in the Revolution, are the only ones that enter into a North Greenwich record. The Martha Ferris ancestry

follows. Jeffrey Ferris was born in Leicester, England, about 1610 and came to America about 1634. His son, Joseph I, 1638 - 1699, married Ruth Knapp, 1640 - 1687, a daughter of Nicholas Knapp who probably came from England with Winthrop's fleet. Joseph II, 1683 - 1733, married Abigail. Their daughter, Martha, married Benjamin Mead II. Joseph Ferris I was one of the original patentees named in the patent granted the town of Greenwich by the General Assembly in May, 1665.

Probably Benjamin III and his family lived in the "Revolutionary House" after Benjamin II built the larger homestead. We must stop here for a further word about this Revolutionary House. It has a peep hole on the south side (the one on the north side was added in repairs) of the second floor where a man with a gun could watch for Redcoats--and Redcoats came. I will quote from Spencer Mead's write-up of this attack in his Mead genealogy.

"The old house was raided by a party of British and tories. Obediah, a son of Benjamin III, was then quite a lad. His sisters, Anna and Phebe, who were younger, hid with their mother in the cellar of the old house as the Redcoats marched up the road, and their father and the older girls, Mary and Theodosia, barricaded the doors and windows, while Obediah, the only son, solicitous for the cattle without, drove them into the yard, then beat a hasty retreat to a neighbor's barn. An unfriendly tory, knowing the fact, informed the British soldiers, who surrounded the barn, threatening to set fire to it unless he came out. He, too brave to surrender, jumped from the barn and ran across the orchard towards the rocks above Dyspepsia Lane, but the British followed. Seeing that escape was impossible Obediah surrendered, only to be immediately fired at and instantly killed." (This account should

exchange the names Mary and Anna, Anna being the oldest child). "The ball passed through his left arm and entered his side. For several generations the place of his burial was a sacred spot to the members of the family, and now, though unknown, it is not forgotten in memory. The coat he wore, showing the bullet holes and blood stains, has been preserved all these years and is now in the possession of Mr. Solomon S. Mead. After killing the son the Redcoats forced their way into the house, but unable to find the father, they departed, taking with them the horse and the geese."

This riddled coat came to Hervey, and he has presented it to the Greenwich Historical Society in Old Greenwich, Conn. Hervey thinks that "Dyspepsia Lane" was "just one of Grandma Solomon's names." I have been on that lane, but I am not sure now of its locality or meaning. Grandma Mead told Hervey that tradition says that Obediah was buried in Cos Cob.

Another item of interest to us about the old Revolutionary house concerns Anna, sister of Obediah, the oldest child of Benjamin III and a sister of our great, great, grandmother Phebe. Anna married David Mead, descended from David I, son of John.

David I, 1665-1727, 6th child of John
Nathaniel, 1714 - ?
David, 1747-1808

He was a cabinet maker who learned his trade with the first people to do Chippendale work in this country. Eight beautiful mahogany claw-foot chairs were made by him in the Revolutionary House. After David's death, Anna willed the chairs to her sister, Phebe. They rested quietly in the Eliphalet Mead home, which we shall take up next in our account of the four earliest settlers. The chairs came to the Savage home after this Eliphalet home went to

Captain Merritt. I can remember when it was decided that the chairs should be given, one each, to the eight grandchildren of Silas Hervey and Harriet Mead.

The Spencer Mead Genealogy lists for the colonial period expedition against Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga Eliphalet Mead in 1759 as a Private in the 4th Co. 3rd Regt. from his enlistment on April 2 to his discharge on December 7. In 1761 he was Surveyor for Fairfield Co. Also in 1761 he was deputy to the Assembly for Greenwich. He was our fourth great grandfather, son of Benjamin I, as we have seen. The following table will help to visualize the relationships.

Benjamin I		
Benjamin II		Eliphalet I
Benjamin III		Jehial I
Phebe	married	Jehial II
	Harriet	

This Harriet married our great grandfather, Silas Hervey Mead.

The Eliphalet Mead home was on the property which he received from his father, Benjamin I, which we have come to call the Benjamin Fairchild place. Eliphalet was doubtless the builder. Mr. Fairchild repaired but kept the house very close to the old lines. It has been called by many the most beautiful home in Greenwich. Unhappily it burned to the ground just recently. An antique collection "valued at many thousands of dollars" was saved. The location is magnificent, getting the view of Long Island Sound, which used to be the glory of Quaker Ridge from the church down, a view covering forty miles of Long Island Sound with Long Island just beyond. On very clear days one could see houses on Long Island. This view is now almost

completely hidden from the Ridge by the growth of trees and shrubbery, excepting for the short distance at the Fairchild place. The view is imperishable and my hope is that some day public spirited owners will open it up to view again from the Ridge. It was always our delight to have visitors see it, and returning North Greenwichites loved to gaze at that view again, which could be seen from the great stone steps of the old church. The church was a landmark for seamen on Long Island Sound. Recently the Connecticut Garden, developed by Mr. Fairchild down in his woods, has been presented to the National Audubon Society. I understand that the lots bordering the road where the house stood will also become the property of the Audubon Society.

Our great grandmother Harriet, daughter of Jehial II and Phebe, lived in this home when she married Great Grandfather Silas Hervey. Great Grandfather speaks of the Eliphalet Mead place in his paper of 1877 as the Captain Merritt place, so the family must have parted with it before that date.

Silas Mead, Sr., 1720 - 1817, the third of the four earliest settlers, is descended from William and John through Ebenezer I and Ebenezer II. He is listed as a Private in the Revolution in Continental and New York forces. The Ebenezers must have a word here before we continue with Silas, Sr.

Ebenezer I, 1663 - 1728, 4th son of John, had nine children. He married Sarah Knapp. The Ebenezer II and Caleb I lines are the only ones of interest in our North Greenwich paper. Ebenezer II, 1692 - 1775 had twelve children. Only Silas, Sr., (2nd child) belongs to North Greenwich, but five others are mentioned in this paper: Ebenezer III (1st child), Jonas (4th child), the Rev. Solomon (5th child), Deliverance (6th child) and Amos (7th child).

The Ebenezers lived in Greenwich and are the forebears of a long line of Greenwich Meads. Spencer Mead lists for the colonial period Ebenezer I, Justice of the Peace for Fairfield County 1703, 1705-9, 1714-1728, and Deputy to the Assembly for Greenwich 1694, 1699, 1702-4, 1709, 1711-14 and 1716: Ebenezer II was commissioned Lieutenant of the East Company, or train band at Horse Neck, May 9, 1728. May 11, 1738 he was commissioned Captain of the same company. He was Justice of the Peace 1733 - 1758, and Deputy to the Assembly for Greenwich 1733, 1734, 1737-38.

Silas Mead, Sr., second son of Ebenezer II, went to North Greenwich in 1741. He built a house on the north side of the road running west from the church, which is no longer standing. I dimly remember an old building in that location. Silas, Sr. built from the forest of trees right at hand, as Great Grandfather tells us. Possibly while building he lived in an old house that stood across the road south of his new house. In 1747 he married Mary, daughter of Benjamin I. This Mary it was who lured the Silas line to North Greenwich. Her mother was Rachel Brown of Rye, the second wife of Benjamin I. The wife of Ebenezer II was Hannah Brown also "of the ancient family of Browns of Rye." I am not clear as to the connection between Rachel, wife of Benjamin I, the mother of Silas Sr's. wife, Mary, and Hannah, wife of Ebenezer II, the mother of Silas, Sr.

This Hannah Brown, mother of Silas, Sr., merits our attention. Her great grandfather, Peter Brown, 1610 - 1658, of Hastings, England, sailed on the English ship "Hector", settled in New Haven in 1638, signed the contract appertaining to the government of the New Haven Colony in 1639. He settled in Stamford in 1647. His name is inscribed on the Pilgrims' Monument at Plymouth, Mass. His son, Hackaliah, 1645 - 1720, married Mary Hoit and

lived in Rye in 1665. Their son Peter, 1670-1752 married Martha Disbrow, daughter of Peter Disbrow, and their daughter, Hannah, was our great, great, great, great grandmother, the wife of Ebenezer II.

Peter Disbrow (Disbrough), Hannah Brown's maternal grandfather, was the leading man of the Greenwich people who first settled "Manussing Island." It is said that he bought his land directly from the Indians, that he was always on friendly terms with them, and that an Indian chief cut a sign on one of the beams of the house to indicate they were on terms of mutual respect.(1)

Silas Mead, Sr., son of Ebenezer II, had seven children, Silas, Jr. being the oldest. Abner, the second child lives in our history because "Uncle Abner's chair" a ladder-back arm chair is in daily use in Aunt Jen's home today. The third son Aaron married Sarah, 6th child of Eliphalet Mead I, and had quite a long list of descendants, with one named Silas who died at twenty years of age. Two daughters, Alice and Mary, died young. Calvin, the 6th child, we shall hear about further on. Mary, the 7th child, married Jonah, 7th child of Captain Caleb Mead, Jonah's third wife: there were three children, two died young. About all we know of any of this branch is their names listed in Spencer Mead's book, with very meager accounts. There is a hazy memory of something Grandma Mead told me which I cannot clarify. I do not know where any of them lived.

Silas Mead, Jr., 1748 - 1813, was a private in the Revolution, listed in the Continental Connecticut forces and also in the Continental New York

(1) For some of my data on "the ancient family of Browns of Rye" I am indebted to The Bar of Rye Township, by my cousin, Arthur Russell Wilcox.

forces. He married Sarah, 1761 - 1812, a daughter of Deliverance, the sixth child of Ebenezer II. They probably lived in the Silas, Sr. house. They were married in 1790. Silas, Jr. died in 1813, four years before his father's death and a year after his wife's death, killed through an accident at the age of sixty-five. He was thrown from his horse (Hervey thinks from his wagon) on the "big hill" west of the house, at that time very, very steep with a bad turn at the bottom. The curve was straightened soon after that death. Silas, Jr.'s son, Silas Hervey, was the builder of the present house which for many years has been called the Savage house. It stands a little east and a little south of where the Silas, Sr. house stood.

Silas, Jr. was buried with his wife, Sarah, in the "Upper Ground" about a half mile north of the church. Here also are the Silas Hervey and Silas Deliverance families buried. I have not been able to find the graves of Silas, Sr. and Mary here, nor did I feel satisfied when I hunted for them with the Ebenezers in an old, old cemetery in Greenwich. The assurance came to me suddenly that Grandma Mead told me that Silas, Sr. was buried with Mary, daughter of Benjamin I, in the old burial ground of the Benjamins in an orchard west of the Solomon Mead house. I have been there recently with Dr. Weaver of the Nature Center. We found the grave of Benjamin I, I cannot remember about his two wives, of Edmund and his wife Theodosia, and others, but did not have time to search out all the stones now laid flat and overgrown. Memory suddenly seemed to awaken after that visit as I dwelt on these things, and brought me a vision of this old orchard as I saw it with Mrs. Minor and Georgia, and Mrs. Minor's keen desire to have me see the graves of my ancestors. I did not much care about way-back ancestors in those days, but I can now seem

to see the two small, much worn dark stones at the extreme right of the row of graves nearest the north fence of the orchard. Fence and most of the trees are gone now. The other two old cemeteries remain in North Greenwich. The "lower ground" belongs to the Church. The "upper ground" was so-called public, and any one could bury there, but always they came to ask Father where they could locate a plot or a grave. When we moved to Greenwich and Father became unable to direct, graves were dug without consultation, some of them very carelessly placed. Two small funds have kept the two grounds mowed for a number of years. But now the interest on the funds has grown pitifully small. I dread to see the grounds. Some few take care of their own plots, at least in the "lower ground." I wish we might increase these funds.

Zebediah Mead's home, a part of it at least now over two hundred years old, was down the hill below the church on the road running east known as "John Street." This is now called "Mead House", the guest house of the Nature Center, which stood close to the street a bit north of its present location. The old barn has been turned into "The Museum" and fascinating plans are in progress. It will eventually become the largest Nature Center in this country. Already after only a beginning of the summer courses, students have registered from as far west as California. From the July-August Audubon Magazine I quote as follows: "It will probably be surprising to you to learn that in these war years, beginning with October 15, 1943, and ending June 15, 1945, a period of a little over a year and a half, 7003 persons have been recorded as visiting the Audubon Nature Center, and of these 4576 came as members of groups by appointment in advance. This does not include students enrolled in courses." A Greenwich friend said to me, "If you had tried to think up what you would like best

to have happen for North Greenwich, could you have thought of anything so wonderful as what has happened?" My delight is intensified by the interest of Dr. Richard L. Weaver, Educational Director at the Center, in early North Greenwich history.

BUILDING A MEETING HOUSE

You will remember what Great Grandfather said about Zebediah Mead's weekly walks to church and the horse-back rides and various other efforts to get to church in Greenwich. In 1826 "after the harvest," he tells us, the first meeting was held at the home of Jehial Mead II to consider building a meeting house." The Rev. Alpheus Winter, pastor of the North Greenwich Church the year of the fiftieth anniversary, said in his address, "That little band of thirteen persons, representing only eleven families, which met in the house where Captain Merritt now lives a little more than fifty years ago, and resolved to build a house of worship in this place, was constituted of heroes and heroines; and they were none the less so because they were unconscious of their heroism."

I find "Jehiel" spelled in two ways - Je hi al by Great Grandfather, but in the old Nash's Corner School Committee book it is spelled Je hi el. Anyway it was pronounced Je hi al, and I prefer to use Great Grandfather's spelling, whose work was carefully done, which can hardly be said of the School Committee book, which dates back to 1808. Spencer Mead in his genealogy uses the 'e' instead of the 'a'.

Great Grandfather gives the names of the six families "living nearest by" who cared for the "mechanics" working on the church, each taking them a week at a time.

Jehial Mead II, grandson of Eliphalet I.

Obadiah Mead, great grandson of Benjamin II.

Darius Mead, son of Eliphalet II and great
grandson of Benjamin I.

Levi Mead, son of Zebediah.

Calvin Mead, son of Silas, Sr. and brother of

Silas, Jr.

Silas Hervey Mead, son of Silas, Jr.

Jehial I and his wife Deborah, daughter of Captain Caleb Mead II, lived in the Eliphalet Mead house, which became the home also of Jehial II and his wife Phebe, daughter of Benjamin III, parents of our great grandmother, Harriet, as already stated. Jehial I, 1742 - 1826, is listed as Lieutenant in the Continental and Connecticut forces of the Revolution and as Ensign in the Continental and New York forces. Deborah Mead, wife of Jehial I, must have further notice here.

Caleb I, 1694 - 1733, son of Ebenezer I, married Mary Holmes. In the colonial lists (1) their son, Caleb II, 1716 - 1798, is stated to have been commissioned Lieutenant of the East Co. or train band in the town of Greenwich on May 29, 1745. He was a Lieutenant in command of Connecticut troops at Fort Edward in 1757, Capt. White's Co., Colonel Jonathan Hart's Regiment. In the Revolutionary War he was Captain in the Continental Line and Connecticut Forces. He married Hannah Rundle. Their daughter Deborah, 1743 - 1809, married Jehial I, 1742 - 1826, and their daughter Deborah married Calvin Mead. Mary Holmes' line is shown by the following table.

Francis Holmes, b. about 1600; d. 1675
John Holmes, b. about 1630; m. Rachel Waterbury
Stephen Holmes, 1664 - 1710; m. Mary Hobby,
b. about 1662
Mary Holmes, m. 1716 Caleb Mead I, 1694-1733
Capt. Caleb Mead II, m. Hannah Rundle

This Rachel Waterbury's brother was Captain David Waterbury of King Philip's War, 1650 - 1706, from

(1) Spencer Mead's History and Genealogy of the Mead family.

whom we count our descent - as we have seen through Capt. Isaac Howe, whose father married the daughter of Capt. David Waterbury.

Captain David Waterbury I, m. Hannah Newman
m. Sarah Weed

Elizabeth Waterbury, m. Isaac Howe II
1679-1733

Captain Isaac Howe III, 1711-1799, m. Keziah
Mead, daughter of Benjamin I

Abigail Howe, m. 1759 Deliverance Mead

Sarah Mead, m. 1790 Silas Mead, Jr.

Isaac, whom I have labeled Isaac II, was a son of Nathaniel and the grandson of Isaac I.

Obadiah Mead, Hervey's great grandfather, was the son of Theodosia, daughter of Benjamin III, and a sister of Phebe. Theodosia had married Edmund, son of Jonas, the fourth child of Ebenezer II, and a brother of Silas, Sr., the second child. There were, I understand, no children by Obadiah's first wife, Ruth Hebbard. His second wife was Alla, daughter of Darius Mead. There were four children: Benjamin, called "Benjamin of Rye"; Mary, who married George Sullivan and was the mother of Alla Sullivan Minor; Theodosia, who married Isaac Knapp; and Solomon, Hervey's grandfather.

There was an old house near "Rye Village" which was the home of Benjamin of Rye. I remember the place being pointed out to me, and once we stopped there and waited while Mrs. Minor and Georgia went in to see "Uncle Benjamin." It was an intriguing looking house, and Mrs. Minor and Georgia came out very enthusiastic over the interests inside.

I can just remember Obadiah in this home of Benjamin II which had become the Solomon Mead home. He seemed a very old man, and was about ninety. The place was always beautifully kept. Solomon married Mary Elizabeth Sands and had four children:

Brockholst Livingstone, Hervey's father; Sarah, whom we called "Dollie"; Minnie, and Agnes. It was a very active home. "Grandpa Solomon" was individualistic to the nth degree. When the fad for summer boarding out in the country was strong in New York City, many swanky people came there to board, bringing their high bred beautiful horses, and North Greenwich came to have a rather wide reputation. Well they might come there to board, for no ration points limited that table! There were always lovely horses boarded there winter and summer.

It was a girlhood thrill to go down there to spend the day with Georgia Minor when she and her mother visited us in the summer. Mrs. Minor was the niece of Solomon Mead and grew up in that home after the death of her parents. She later married John Minor and lived in Middletown with her two daughters, Lilian and Georgia, until her death many years after that of her husband.

I will make a digression here to tell of visiting in the Middletown house, which was very old too. One day we were going to ride when George, Mother and I were there. I said "Let's get these lunch dishes washed before we go" and Mrs. Minor said "No, I've lived in this house over fifty years and this is the first time the dishes haven't been washed and we'll leave them". Mrs. Minor, beautiful, crowned with adorable gray curls, was my mother's life-long friend and I think her dearest. She used to say "Nellie, I can never make up to you what you do for me, but perhaps I can pass it on to some one else". And she surely did to hundreds. Lillie and Georgia were both close friends, Georgia one of the most intimate friends of all my life. Lilian married Willis K. Stetson. There were three children: John, George and Mary, who married Frederick Allan and lives now in the old

Minor house on High Street in Middletown, Conn.
Their daughter, Margaret (Peggy) m. Sept. 20, 1945
Wilfred Ferguson, Jr.

Now to return to spending the day at "Aunt Mary Solomon's":- we would see their Revolutionary relics, the carefully treasured old riddled Revolutionary coat, and would go all through the house with its fascinating attic, its beautiful bed rooms with high post beds which Dollie furnished with bed curtains in the true old style. The garden was gorgeous. Father used to say he would be discouraged if that garden did not look well, such love and care it had.

Aunt Mary Solomon, as we called her, probably because Georgia did, was "rich and rare". She was an authority on all the plants that grow and always asked what new thing you had found. How she would have revelled in the Connecticut Garden where Mr. Fairchild had planted every plant that grows in Connecticut in its proper habitat. There was in Greenwich a Solomon Mead with a wife, Mary Elizabeth (Dayton) and a daughter Sarah. When the death of Mary Elizabeth, wife of Solomon Mead of Greenwich with a daughter Sarah, was announced in the New York papers, Aunt Mary Solomon in North Greenwich sat at her favorite sightly window in the big kitchen and watched the New York friends of the North Greenwich Solomon arriving, bringing flowers for her funeral. She had a wonderful time, especially in reading the many letters that came. Her humor was a very live wire.

Darius, which they pronounced Da ri us, was the son of Eliphalet Mead II and his wife, Anne Rundle, and great grandson of Benjamin I. It is my guess that his home and probably the home of Eliphalet II was the place which I knew as the Rudd house, a very old building where I remember the

family of Captain Merritt's son, William, including his wife and their five young people, lived. It had very old features. We went in once to see it. I think an old chimney with Dutch ovens and mantel was the thing of especial interest. This property was sold to Mr. Strong. The old road has been changed and now goes by the back of the house instead of the front. Another house has been built north of the Rudd house which also shows its back to the road.

Darius' wife was Hannah Peck. Darius' daughter, Anna, married Leander Mead, oldest child of Calvin, and they lived in the Wright house. It is possible that Darius and his father, Eliphalet II, lived in the Wright house, and when Anna married Leander her home continued to be right there. Darius' daughter, Alla, married Obadiah, as we have seen.

Another old house, a small house, still stands south, across the old road which is now the driveway to the two houses just mentioned. A driveway from the new road goes in to this house. This was the Tompkins place in my time, but I am sure I was told of some Mead who lived there in the early days. No one seems to know today. This old house is on the property bought by Mr. Strong somewhere about 1900 and the Superintendent lives in it. It is still a part of the Strong estate.

Levi Mead was the son of Zebediah and lived in the "Mead House" of the Nature Center. He married Abigail Rundle and had no children. He willed the property to his grand nephew, Henry Mead, son of his brother, Henry's, only child, Anna. Anna married Asel, son of Captain Sylvanus Mead and grandson of Benjamin II. This grand nephew Henry's son, was the William Henry Mead mentioned several times in this letter. His wife was Mary E.

Brundage. Three of William Henry's children went to Nash's Corner School when I did, and his grand children, the Benedicts, went when Hervey and Douglass did. Ida married Arthur Benedict and they lived some years in the home with William Henry.(1) Their children are Mary, Lewis and Anna.

Calvin Mead, 1760-1847, sixth child of Silas, Sr., was a brother of Silas, Jr. Like Silas, Jr. he was enlisted as a private in the Continental and Connecticut forces and also in the Continental and New York forces. He married Deborah, 1766-1843 daughter of Captain Caleb Mead. The Calvin Mead homestead was the "Secord place" of my day, but I remember hearing it spoken of as the Marcus Mead place. Marcus was Calvin's son. It was on the south side of the road leading west from the church about three-fourths of a mile down the hills. Helen Roys and Hannah Mead, two granddaughters of Marcus Mead, tell me the house was built before the Revolution. As Calvin was born in 1760, it would seem that the house was built by Calvin's father, Silas, Sr., probably built for Calvin. Calvin was living there when Marcus was married in 1835. It is a delightfully rambling old house with many doors. The lots run from the house in back to the Byram River, west branch, which was a very fascinating active stream before the water was turned recently for some Rye Lake or other project; a loveable stream throughout its length. Dr. Weaver tells me it is still a lovable stream. It flows down through the "Old Saw Mill" woods of the Carpenter property, through beautiful pines to Pickhardt's Pond, a deep, picturesque pond with steep wooded sides and gorgeous pines suggestive of mountain lakes. It is my dream that some good friend will procure these woods for the Audobon Center.

(1) For the early facts of this outline of the Zebediah branch of the North Greenwich Meads, I am indebted to Dr. Weaver.

Little streams gathering force from Quaker Ridge hills flow down in lovely little cascades, "Quaker Ridge Falls".

This place changed hands several times and was finally bought by Mr. Fairchild. His nephew, B. Tappan Fairchild, lived there for a time. Calvin had ten children, most of them settling in Brooklyn. His son, Marcus, stayed in the homestead, and Marcus' son, William Edward (in the Civil War), and three daughters, Annis, "Libbie", and Mary Hannah, attended the "Old Academy" in North Greenwich with Father and Aunt Tillie and perhaps Aunt Cornele. The families were friends to the end of their days. They all moved to Brooklyn and came with their children to visit North Greenwich many times, as did many of the other families descended from the older days. The story is told of a man with no property, living in the small house on the lane below the Calvin Mead place, who looked up from his door one day in a sudden fierce early snow storm. He watched the family at the big place working desperately to take care of sheep and cattle and chickens, and closed his door saying, "Blessed be nothing".

Marcus Mead, 6th child of Calvin, 1798-1863, married Harriet Sturges, 1801-1890, and had William Edward, 1836-1869, m. Adelia, b. 1843, daughter of Col. Thomas Mead, and had: Marcus (died young), Alice, Hannah and William S. (died young).

Elizabeth S., b. 1837, m. Charles M. Roys, b. 1832, and had: Harry A., May B. (m. Thomas A. Mead, son of Seaman Mead), Helen M., Frank M. (died young).

Annis, b. 1839, m. Wallace Andrus, and had: Howard E., Lewis (died young), Albert Lester, Grace M.

Mary Hannah, b. 1845, m. Albert Morris, and had: Arthur, Wilbur, Ethel.

Silas Hervey Mead completes the list of six hosts boarding the workers on the church. He was the son of Silas, Jr., who had only two other children, Sarah, who was the "Aunt Sally" we knew, and Francis, who died at the age of twelve. We might well add Great Grandfather to our quinary of Christmas seasons, for he was born December 12, 1796, married January 2, 1816, and died December 14, 1878. He married, as we have seen Harriet, a daughter of Jehial II and Phebe. It was Silas Hervey, too, you will remember, who built the house west of the church at the top of the "big hill" which we know as the Savage house. And it was Harriet, his wife, who was asked "which she would have first, a new house or a meeting house" and "very promptly replied a meeting house". The house was built ten years later, in 1837. Harriet had eyes that nothing escaped. She could see from a north room window a "hired man" bending down to gather eggs in the barn, and having counted the number of times he bent over, she knew just how many eggs to call for when he brought in a portion only. She died before my day.

Great Grandfather was a man of great individuality as his church paper shows -- a man of very interesting characteristics and hobbies. He had become an inveterate smoker, keeping pipes on various bar posts so that he would never be caught out in the lots without a smoke. One day he promised to give up smoking if another man would give up drinking. Silas Hervey stopped absolutely and at once, never again touching tobacco. But he kept his pipes as usual at the bar posts to test his own strength of purpose. For a time, Grandma Mead told me, they feared for his health, but he came off victor. Unhappily the other man went back to his

drink. A North Greenwich man told me that "Deacon Hervey", as everybody called him, had been a very fine checker player, but could not bear to be beaten. One time Dave Farrington beat him, and never again would he play "that gambling game". One of his hobbies was to keep a walk of stepping stones laid from the house, (this was after he lived in the Silas D. home), to the church so that he could walk dry shod to church. If on a Sunday he found a stone misplaced or loose, it was his first interest of the week to fix that stone. Great Grandfather planted a pine tree a half mile from the church in each direction. Three of them I remember well, but I think they are all gone now.

He liked to collect books, which he kept in his own room in a set of shelves topping a desk all made by his own hands -- a desk with a "secret drawer". He wrote in his books, "Silas H. Mead, His book, Bought (date)". Sometimes this was bottom side up. I have found this done in other old books, and more than once on the back page. I wonder why?

When the clock began striking nine, Great Grandfather would start upstairs for bed, and by the time the clock had stopped striking he would be at the top of the stairs.

He used to take Mabel on one knee and me on the other, and teach us the catechism -- teach us

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite
For 'tis their nature to,
But children you should never let
Your angry passions rule".

and

"Little birds in their nests agree".
(which is no longer true).

If Great Grandfather came around when "Mabel 'n

Louise" were having a heated argument, he would say "Fol de rol de riddle de rol de ray", which some way made disputes seem very silly.

Great Grandfather used to say "Aay well" as a preface to many of his remarks. The "aay" was pronounced with a very flat 'a' as in Aaron. Uncle Zeke has told me of riding with him when they passed a boy whom he could not place. "Bub", he asked, "how do you spell your father's name?" "With letters" shot back the boy. And Great Grandfather said, "Aay well, he's a sassy boy."

I remember as a child pouring over an album of pictures of all the ministers of the church collected by Great Grandfather. Another collection was of all the generals of the Civil War, and another of the nine cousins, all only sons named Mead, all grandsons of Deliverance Mead. Deliverance Mead had twelve children. Many of the Greenwich Meads can trace relationship back to these nine cousins. Silas Hervey was one of the nine.

Cousin William Lewis Savage told me that when he was a young man he was furiously angry at his grandfather because when he announced his engagement to a woman from northern New York, Sarah E. James, his grandfather referred him to Judges 14:3, which he found to be about Samson: -- "Then his father and his mother said unto him, 'Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethern, or among all thy people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?'" The marriage was consummated May 30, 1865. She died September 25, 1881.

Deacon Hervey would not put on his heavy overcoat until Thanksgiving and left it off, regardless of the weather, on Fast Day, which in Connecticut was always Good Friday. And he really fasted on

that day, eating nothing till late at night. For the rest of the family ham and eggs was the traditional Fast Day dinner.

Deacon Hervey one time when he met a visiting minister at the station in Greenwich, offered him a shawl for the seven-mile ride home. The minister afterwards told how he looked at the old man and thought, "If he can stand it without a shawl I do not need one". He said he was beginning to feel pretty cold and felt that the ride must be near its end, when the old man pointed to a light ahead, saying "Do you see that light? When we get there we shall be just half way home!"

Great Grandfather decried the use of Christmas Day as a day of feasting and gifts, thinking that it would lose its significance as marking the birth of the Christ Child. At least, if it has done so, it means, as some one has pointed out, that everybody in the crowded stores "is getting something for somebody else".

I make no attempt to tell of Deacon Hervey's indefatigable work for the church and of his devotion to it throughout his life. I can remember his going about among the people in his office of deacon, serving in the true conception of the office.

DECEMBER 25, 1827

The Dedication

You will notice the speed which characterized the building of the church, "the members of the society and people of the neighborhood doing with their own hands a large part of the work". The first meeting to consider the question was held "after the harvest of 1826". On April 26, 1827 the North Greenwich Congregational Society was formally organized. By Christmas Day of 1827 the house was finished, painted, furnished, paid for, and dedicated, and a church organized with eighteen persons united in covenant as a Christian church. A deacon, Silas Hervey Mead, was ordained. A minister, Chauncey Wilcox, was engaged, preached the following Sunday, and was installed in 1828, his pastorate running until 1846. The congregation that first winter numbered around one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty people, and the membership reached one hundred and five. In 1829, two years after the church was finished, the parsonage was built.

Of the eighteen persons who were the first members of the church, all but three lived in North Greenwich. There were Calvin Mead and his wife Deborah (daughter of Jehial I); Hannah (Peck), wife of Darius Mead; Abigail (Rundle), wife of Levi Mead. Obadiah Mead and Alla, his wife, who was a daughter of Darius; Thirza Palmer, daughter of Calvin and widow of James Palmer; Lewis Mead, who was very likely the son of Jehial II and brother of our great grandmother, Harriet; Huldah, a daughter of Darius; Heman Mead, a son of Calvin; Luther Mead, son of Calvin, and his wife Annis, daughter of Deacon Andrew Mead of Greenwich, who was a son of

the Rev. Solomon Mead and a grandson of Ebenezer II Silas Hervey Mead we know; William and Susan Lounsberry complete the list of North Greenwich residents. The Lounsberry names might possibly be accounted for in the house just below the Levi Mead property included in the gift to the Nature Center. I knew it as the Taylor place. George Taylor's daughter who married a Lounsbury, the name spelled differently, lived there with her father and daughter, Nellie, Mrs. George Sniffin, my Nash's Corner school friend. "Hannah (Close) of Stanwich", wife of the Rev. Lewis Mead" whom you will find again near the close of this booklet, I cannot place. (1)

(1) Just after my manuscript went to the printer, I received from Mrs. Sarah E. Close of Round Hill, to whom I gratefully express my appreciation for her help in giving information on the Close family connections, a letter telling of her discovery of a paper containing a report of a "Commemorative Discourse" by the Rev. Joel H. Lindsley given at the last meeting held in the old House of Worship of the Second Congregational Church in Greenwich, December 5, 1858. A full list of all members of that church is given in which appears the name of Lewis Mead, son of Jehial Mead, born July 12, 1795, united with the church July 4, 1819. The date of birth agrees exactly with that given in the Spencer Mead Genealogy for Lewis Mead, son of Jehial II, and with dates which Sarah had found for the Rev. Lewis Mead who married Hannah Close. We now have the full data on Hannah Close and Lewis Mead. They were married February 1, 1826. In 1827 they both became charter members of the church in North Greenwich. Hannah Close was born November 19, 1801, the daughter of Odle Close and Hannah Brush of Stanwich. Neither in this account just found by Sarah Close, nor in the Mead Genealogy is Lewis mentioned as "the Reverend" but Sarah found that information in her search for data about Hannah Close. Lewis died May 7, 1830, a young man, not yet thirty-five.

These with Sarah (Knapp) wife of Isaac Peck, and Rebecca (Holly) wife of Seymour Hobby, both of Round Hill, complete the list of eighteen members. Heman Mead's family settled in Morristown, N. J. I well remember the daughters, Maggie and Letty, coming for visits in North Greenwich. Heman's wife was Margaret West, whom I shall refer to later. The Luther Mead family settled in Greenwich, Ohio, which became a center for a considerable branch of Meads. I remember when two granddaughters, Annis and Georgiana, used to come from Ohio to visit. Grandpa Mead always took them to "Salem", N. Y. to see their relatives and had such a good time. I presume this must have been South Salem in Westchester County, where their great grandfather, the Rev. Solomon, son of Ebenezer II, preached in the Presbyterian church over forty-eight years. He had four children and a long line of descendants.

Two other deacons were ordained in early days, Obadiah Mead in 1828 and Josiah Wilcox much later in 1864. Josiah Wilcox was the son of Joseph R. Wilcox, 1774 - 1852, and Lena Foster, whom he married in 1795. He was a younger brother of Chauncey Wilcox, the first pastor, and was my mother's father. He too was a pioneer, coming from West Cromwell, "Middletown Upper Houses", to Riversville to build a factory on the west branch of the Byram River without assistance, a "self made" man. Here for many years "carriage hardware and screw products" were manufactured. Gradually small homes were built where the workers lived unless they walked over crosslots from "Peck's Land", King Street, or other outlying sections, and Riversville became a busy little center. The men all called Josiah Wilcox "The Boss", always spoken with affection as they realized his interest in them and in their homes and their families. Apprentices came to work and boarded in the family, which

meant that little folks like my mother had to stand up at the dining table. Hudson River shad furnished one article of food. They were considered of little value and quantities were bought cheaply and then salted down in a barrel.

Grandfather's first home in Riversville was an old house already standing at the far end of the lane near the shop. He later built the beautiful colonial house with pillars still standing above the Riversville Road on the west side. The house was finished in 1838, and they moved in that spring. Aunt Carrie, fourth child, was born that summer, August 23, 1838. Josiah Wilcox was a man of dynamic personality and, like Grandfather Mead, did his own thinking. Men sought their advice. I can remember hearing my mother in an argument with him say, "Why Father, God can do everything" and the quick reply, "No He can't, Nellie, God can't do everything. God can never make two and two anything but four."

Two of the sons, George and Willis, (a Corporal Co. I, 10th Connecticut in Civil War) helped in the factory as they grew old enough, and built their homes near by, Uncle George across the lane from the big house, and Uncle Will father south where the Riversville Road crosses the east branch of the Byram. The George Wilcox place is the home now of his son's daughter, Anna Wilcox Scott. Riversville took its name from the two branches of the Byram, the east branch coming from the Colloquam, now called Putnam Lake, which gives Greenwich its water supply. This branch is also fed by streams flowing through the Nature Center property. The west branch flows from Byram Pond above Armonk, a quite spectacular mountain-like little lake with steep banks. The two branches join a mile or so below Riversville.

Josiah Wilcox built a small chapel in Rivers-

ville, and after morning service and a Sunday School class in North Greenwich, he conducted a Sunday School in the afternoon in Riversville in the chapel, teaching a large class himself. With him as with Grandpa Mead, the church always came first. I can see Grandpa Wilcox riding to church on the front seat, sitting far forward ready to jump out almost before the horses stopped, Uncle George driving his two spirited horses, Abe and Charlie. There was always a carriage full to go, and many times "the old ark", as we called it, went back and forth to church, sometimes carrying the three seats full. It never stopped going to church, for when the Wilcoxes were through with it, as in their business carriages were of rather frequent arrival, it was passed on to Mother, like several other of our carriages, and still went right along to church, going up the big hill from the west instead of up from Riversville. And it kept going to church long after the outside world ceased to look upon it with favor.

Another picture of Grandpa Wilcox was when he was reading his newspaper in the evening, with a little glass kerosene lamp held close to his good eye with the thumb of one hand through its glass loop, while the other hand held the newspaper. As his interest grew the angle of the lamp grew more and more acute till Aunt Carrie would have to speak to him. His brain could take in far more than his one eye could see. The Wilcox Coat of Arms is The Lion and The Unicorn.

For my Wilcox cousins, who will receive copies of this booklet, I write here some family notes, "lest we forget".

Josiah Wilcox, b. May 9, 1804, d. June 13, 1883, married August 24, 1828 Celestia Wilcox, b. September 11, 1806, d. March 28, 1873. Celestia was daughter of Col. Richard Wilcox and Olive

Porter. Both Josiah and Celestia trace their ancestry back to John Wilcox, Sr. who came from England in 1636 with his wife Mary -- and son, John. He was a member of the original proprietors at Hartford 1639 - d. 1651. John Wilcox, Jr. who came from England with his father, received a grant of land in Middletown Upper Houses before 1653. He married in 1650 Katherine Stoughton, 2nd wife, whose father, Thomas Stoughton built the stone fort still standing at Windsor, Connecticut. Israel, son of John Wilcox, b. 1656, d. 168-, married in 1676 Sarah Savage, daughter of John Savage of Hartford and Elizabeth Dublin. In the Hartford town records the name appears as Dubbin, and in Middletown records as Dublin, presumably a corruption of D'Aubin. John Savage was one of three townsmen of Middletown in 1657 and held the military rank of Sergeant. His name is seventh on the list of members who organized on September 4, 1668, the First Congregational Church of Middletown. From an undated typed paper in my possession for some ten years, (I cannot remember who sent it to me), I quote: "Rev. G. S. F. Savage of Chicago, has a valuable book, published in London and Belfast, which is entitled "The Ancient and Noble Family of the Savages of the Ards" with sketches of the English and American branches, which traces the family from 1066 in Normandy to the present era. Mr. Ralph Savage, brother of George, prepared a statement which goes back to Sir John Savage who, in 1485, did valiant service in placing Henry VII on the throne of England. In line from him was Captain John Savage who came to Middletown (Cromwell) in 1652 and died March 6, 1685". This typed copy agrees in detail with Middletown Upper Houses by Charles Collard Adams, which begins with "John Savage of Hartford" but nowhere calls him Captain. This typed copy omits the name of Sarah in its list of the nine children living at the death of John Savage, giving only eight names. Sarah's name should come between Elizabeth and Mary as given by

Mr. Adams. Samuel Wilcox 1685-1727, son of Israel and Sarah (Savage) Wilcox married Hannah Sage daughter of John Sage and Hannah Starr. Hannah Starr's father Comfort Starr was son of Dr. Thomas Starr appointed May 17, 1638 Surgeon of Colonial Forces in the War with the Pequots. Daniel Wilcox 1715-1789 son of Samuel and Hannah (Sage) Wilcox, married in 1738 Sarah White 1716-1807. "He removed to the 'North West Quarter' now East Berlin". (1) Sarah White was a descendant of John White who sailed from England on the "Lion" June 22, 1632, arrived in Boston September 16, 1632. He was an original proprietor at Hartford in 1639. John White's son Nathaniel, also ancestor of Sarah White, born about 1629, came from England with his father. He was an original proprietor at Middletown in 1656, elected to the Great General Court in 1659, elected eighty-five times, elections occurring twice a year, to the Colonial Legislature from 1661 - 1710, and Captain of the First train band of Middletown. Sarah White's maternal grandmother was Sarah Mason, daughter of Capt. John Mason of the Pequot War. Sarah Mason married Thomas Cook, Jr., of Guilford, Conn. Their daughter, Alice Cook, married Daniel White, 1683-1758, whose father was Daniel White, b. Feb. 23, 1662, Ensign of North train band of Cromwell. His wife was Susanna Mould of New London, where her father died in 1730.

John Wilcox, Sr. m. Mary ----

John, Jr. m. Katherine Stoughton

Israel m. Sarah Savage

Samuel m. Hannah Sage

Daniel m. Sarah White

Josiah (8th child)

m. Elizabeth Treat

Joseph Russell

m. Lena Foster

Josiah m.

Samuel (10th child)

m. Phoebe Dowd

Richard

m. Olive Porter

Celestia

(1) Quoted exactly from Charles Collard Adams in Middletown Upper Houses

Josiah Wilcox, 8th child of Daniel and Sarah (White) Wilcox (1750-1835) a fifer in the Revolutionary War in 1776, married Elizabeth Treat, great granddaughter of Gov. Robert Treat, born about 1624 in Pit-minster, England, d. July 12, 1710 in Milford, Conn. Gov. Robert Treat of Connecticut was, you will remember, the official responsible for hiding the Colonial Charter of Connecticut in the Charter Oak at Hartford in 1687 when the King of England, through Sir Edmund Andros, commanded its surrender. Joseph Russell Wilcox married Lena Foster and was the father of our grandfather, Josiah. Samuel Wilcox, 10th child of Daniel and Sarah (White) Wilcox, Celestia's grandfather, married Phebe Dowd whose great, great grandfather, Henry Dowd, was a planter in Guilford, Conn. 1669-70. Her mother, Phebe Foster, descends from Christopher Foster who came from England in the ship "Abigail" July 1635. Phebe Dowd's grandfather, David Dowd, married Mary Cornwell of Middletown whose grandfather, John Cornwell, married Martha Pecke. Her father, Paul Pecke, came in ship "Defence" in 1635; removed to Hartford with Hooker in 1636 where he was a leading citizen.

(1) Celestia Wilcox' father, Col. Richard, b. Oct. 24, 1780, d. Sept. 3, 1839, was in the War of 1812, commissioned (a Cornetist,---I think) Nov. 2, 1812; Lieutenant, commissioned Oct. 27, 1814; and Captain, commissioned July 2, 1818. He married Olive Porter (1st wife) Nov. 23, 1802. She was born Mar. 15, 1783 and died May 27, 1827. This great grandmother, Olive Porter, carries us into several lines of interesting history. John Porter Sr., born in 1594 in Wraxhall, Parish of Kenilworth,

(1) For my knowledge of the Wilcoxes and their families, I have used Middletown Upper Houses by Charles Collard Adams, History of Berlin Connecticut by Catharine M. North, and notes given me by Nannie Bowen and her daughter, Suzanne, of whom I speak later.

Warwickshire, England, embarked at London with his family for America, arriving at Dorchester, Mass. May 30, 1630. He died 1648 at Windsor, Conn. His wife, Rose, died 1648 or 1649. He was the founder of Windsor, Conn. His son, Samuel Porter (8th child) b. 1626, married in 1659 Hannah Stanley, daughter of Thomas Stanley.(1) Their son -

Hezekian Porter, b. 1665,	m. Hannah Cowles
Timothy Porter	m. Hannah Goodwin
Aaron Porter	m. Rhoda Sage
Isaac Porter	m. Hepzibah North

Olive Porter, married Col. Richard Wilcox. Her father, Isaac Porter, 1755-1839, was born in Weatherfield, Conn. and enlisted from there July 8, 1775. He was a drummer boy in the Revolution, 3rd Co. of 8th Regt. In 1776 he was musician in a Company commanded by his father and was in the Retreat from Long Island. His wife Hepzibah North was the daughter of Isaac North, Jr., a 2nd Lieut. in the Revolution. Isaac North's wife was Hepzibah Hart. The Norths go back to John North, an original proprietor of Farmington, Conn. He sailed from London at the age of twenty in 1635 on the "Susan and Ellen". He married Hannah, daughter of Thomas Birk of Farmington. Isaac North's son, Thomas North, was in the Indian Wars, b. 1649, d. about 1712, m. 1669 Hannah Newell, b. 1656, d. 1757. Hepzibah Hart, daughter of Hezekiah Hart and Martha Beckley, was a granddaughter of Capt. Thomas Hart of Farmington, Captain of the train band of Farmington. Hezekiah Hart received from his father all the lands in "Great Swamp" (Berlin). Cousin Kate North in her book on Berlin writes (after speaking of the year 1664) "Later the whole of the present town of Berlin was known as "Great Swamp."

(1) Among the descendants of Samuel Porter and Hannah Stanley were Israel Putnam, Clarence Steadman, U. S. Grant, Grover Cleveland, Thomas W. Higginson and John Brown.

Steven Hart, father of Capt. Thomas, was one of the eighty-four proprietors of Farmington, born about 1605, at Brantree, Essex, England, was at Cambridge, Mass. in 1632 and at Hartford with Hooker in 1635. Martha Beckley, wife of Hezekiah Hart, was the daughter of Benjamin Beckley of Beckley Quarter, Berlin, Conn. His father, Sergeant Richard Beckley was granted 300 acres of land in 1668. He was the first settler in Berlin, coming in 1660 from New Haven, and lived there sixteen years before others came. "Beckley Quarter" was then the west part of Weathersfield. Aaron Porter, 1729-1820, grandfather of Olive Porter, was Lieutenant of a Connecticut Company in the Revolution. His wife, Rhoda Sage, was the daughter of Captain David Sage who married Bathsheba Judd.(1) Captain David Sage born 1703, was son of John Sage and Hannah Starr, and a brother of Hannah Sage who, as we have seen, married Samuel Wilcox, the grandfather of Col. Richard Wilcox's father, Samuel. John Sage's father was David Sage who married Elizabeth Kirby. Elizabeth Kirby's father was John Kirby who married Elizabeth Hinds. John Kirby was registered on the passenger list of the "Hopewell" which sailed Sept. 11, 1635 from London, England, for New England. John Kirby was registered in Plymouth in 1643 as "able to bear arms". In 1645 he settled "in the present village of Cromwell, the Upper Houses having been set apart in 1851 as the town of Cromwell", where he died April 1677. In May 1658 he had been made a freeman of the General Court of Connecticut.

This is very perplexing, but it does show our widespread connections throughout the towns of central Connecticut.

1760938

- (1) Rhoda Sage was fifth cousin of Honorable Russell Sage. Edwin Booth was a grandson of Aaron Porter and Rhoda Sage.

Children of Josiah and Celestia Wilcox

George Edwin	Caroline Olivia	Willis Henry	Cornelia Maria	Josiah North
m. Sarah Lyon	m. Henry Banks	m. Susan Mead	m. Silas Edward	m. Henrietta
children:	children:	daughter of	Mead	Lyon
Gilbert	Clara	Edward Mead of	children:	children:
m. Laura	m. Augustus	Greenwich one	Silas Francis	Lillian m.
Reynolds	Knapp	of "9" cousins"	Mabel Wilcox	John F.
children:	children:	through Robert	Louise Celestia	Mills
Harold m.	Vera m.	son of	m. George Haws	Arthur
Mildred	Edward Green	Deliverance	Feltus	Russell
Griffin	Wilmer m.		Josiah Wilcox	
Anna m.	Vera	children:		
Millard	Sherwood	Robert		
Scott	Gladys			
Bertha	Dorothy m.			
	1st. Lawrence			
	Thomas			
	2nd. William			
	Eagle Palmer			
	George			

The task is left at this stage for the younger generations to finish. See to it!

Children of Col. Richard Wilcox and Olive Porter

Willis	Celestia	Mary Olivia	Maria
m. Almyra Wilcox	m. Josiah Wilcox	m. Alfred North	m. Abijah Hulbert
children:	children:	of Berlin, Conn.	children:
Joseph m.	see preceding	children:	William m. Kate
2nd wife Lizzie	chart	Francis A.	Edgar
Green		m. Elizabeth W.	m. Susan Canie
children:		Moorhead of	children:
Ida May		Philadelphia	Four children
		children:	Nannie
		Frank	m. Guy M. Bowen
		Alfred	children:
		Catherine W.	Susanne
			Clara m.
			Lester
			Several children

Ida Wilcox lives in Berlin, Conn. Lovely Ida, dear to my heart! Cousin Kate North lived in Berlin and was a woman of delightful interest. She wrote the History of Berlin, Conn. which I have cited as a reference. Her great grandfather was Simeon North, and her grandfather was Reuben. Of Reuben's brother Simeon, Jr. Cousin Kate writes "In 1829 he accepted the chair of ancient languages at Hamilton College. After ten years' service as professor he was elected fifth president of the college. This office he held until 1857 --- his connections with Hamilton as professor, president and trustee covered a period of fifty-five years". Cousin Kate's father, Alfred North, was a half brother of Edward North who was elected professor of Ancient Languages in Hamilton in 1843. "When in 1901 he resigned the chair of "Greek and Greek Literature" he had served a term of fifty-seven years in the service of the college. He was affectionately known as "Old Greek". Hamilton was George Feltus' college and he knew "Old Greek".

Our Grandmother Celestia was a sister of Mary Olivia who married Alfred North, making Catherine North own cousin to my mother. Uncle Alfred North connects with us in another way. His father Reuben North married Lynda Wilcox daughter of Josiah Wilcox and sister of Joseph Russell, our Grandfather Josiah's father, thus making Grandfather Josiah a cousin to Uncle Alfred and another son.

After Lynda's death, Reuben married her sister Huldah and had five more sons, one of them Edward, whom we have met as "Old Greek". So Grandfather Josiah was cousin to Alfred North and also to his half brother Edward, but wait! He wasn't own cousin, because Joseph Russell was a half brother of both Lynda and Huldah. His father Josiah having been twice married, once to Elizabeth Treat and once to Huldah Savage.

Now if you want to work out a table on something, try that!

Daniel and Sarah Wilcox the parents of Josiah who was Grandfather of our Grandfather Josiah had a daughter Sarah who married Jedidiah North, cousin Kate's great, great, grandfather. Of this Sarah Wilcox, Cousin Kate writes, "It would take too much time to tell of the ministers, missionaries, doctors, college professors, and teachers who have descended from Sarah Wilcox". She was our third great-aunt.

Mother's Aunt Maria whom she always spoke of as "my aunt Maria down south" lived in Atlanta, Ga. having settled there when conditions were very primitive. I had in my possession a very interesting letter which Aunt Maria had written home about conditions there when she and her husband first went down. I sent the letter to Nannie Bowen. It seemed of historical value. Aunt Maria used to come to visit and I remember her very well indeed. I went up to Cousin Kate's in Berlin one day to bring her down to Greenwich. She was a very active person. Her two sons, Cousin Wil and Cousin Edgar served with Lee in the Civil War. Cousin Will and his wife, Cousin Kate, came several times to visit us in our North Greenwich home. The families were most friendly, but not so the weather, for it seemed to always turn cold when they came. One August it was almost freezing weather and I had to get out fur coats packed away for the summer so that they could enjoy a ride. Cousin Edgar's home was in Augusta, Ga. and his children live there now. Nannie is the only one I know. She and her husband Guy M. Bowen and daughter Suzanne came north several times, before his death. The connection now is only through letters.

Grandfather Josiah had five brothers and sisters. (1) His sister Aunt Pamela, a bright old lady made long visits in the Riversville home. Mother and I visited her daughter Huldah Bacon in Saybrook, Conn. one time. Aunt Pamela married Stephen Mildrum. Several of the Wilcoxes married Mildrums, and there are Mildrum cousins whom we have never known, cousins of whom Ida Wilcox is very fond.

The eighteen Wilcox cousins we cannot mention here. Mothers much loved cousin Mary Pinneo rightfully has place for she was a daughter of the Rev. Chauncey Wilcox. She with her daughter Lilian, my girlhood idol, and two sons James and Frank came many times for visits. Her sister Cousin Katie Wilcox is mentioned later on in this story.

(1) Children of Joseph Russell Wilcox and Lena Foster

Chauncey	m.	2nd wife Sarah Cooke;	4 children
Alsa	m.	Emily Treat;	3 children
Caroline	m.	William Smith;	4 children
Pamela	m.	Stephen Mildrum;	2 children
Josiah	m.	Celestia Wilcox;	7 children, (2 died in infancy)
Russell	m.	1st Lucetta Mildrum;	1 child
		2nd Elizabeth Griffin;	4 children



JOSIAH
AND
CELESTIA
WILCOX



EARLY DAYS IN THE CHURCH

In those earliest days two services were held in the church in the day time, with Sunday School and an intermission between and a little lunch brought for the children. Often besides this there was an evening meeting in Riversville or in Round Hill or North Castle. Chauncey Wilcox received \$7.00 per week as minister with \$1.00 per week for his board.

The Sabbath School was organized in 1828 with Heman Mead the first superintendent. It was held in an old building across the road from the Savage house until the weather became too cold to meet without a fire. In 1829 the Sunday School was re-organized and met in the church. When Heman Mead left for college, Obadiah Mead was superintendent until the spring of 1832 when Selah Savage was appointed. Selah Savage held the position for sixty-two years with the exception of two brief intervals of absence when Josiah Wilcox held it. Selah Savage died in 1894. I remember a small melodeon on the lower platform in front of the church for use in Sunday School when the choir sat in the gallery at the back of the church. Later a place was fixed in the left hand corner of the church for the choir and the reed organ was brought down from upstairs. In earlier days Grandpa Mead started the hymns with an old pitch pipe, which is a treasured possession now in the home where Aunt Jen and Hervey live. Following those days Deacon Hervey, after he and Harriet moved down to the Silas D. home, carried a little melodeon up and down on his back on his weekly walk to church services. The melodeon is still in the family. Selah Savage had come from Berlin, Conn. to work

with Grandpa Wilcox in his factory. After his marriage to Sarah Mead, daughter of Silas Hervey, he moved to the home of Silas Hervey and Harriet, which came to be called by his name. He left the factory work and turned to farming like the Meads, but the Sunday School became the dominating factor of his life.

Selah Savage's ancestry traces back (if the typed pages are valid) to the same Sir John Savage. "John Savage of Hartford" was great, great great grandfather of this Selah Savage who married our great aunt, Sarah Mead, sister of Silas D. Selah's father was Selah, b. 1759. His second wife, Roxa (Galpin) Deming was the mother of Uncle Selah. Elisha Savage, grandfather of Selah, 1728-1807, was Ensign of the 15th Co. 6th Regt. Colonial Militia and served afterwards in the Revolution. The typed paper mentioned continues only through the line of William, 8th child of John Savage of Hartford. William was great, great grandfather of Selah. It was this William's sister, Sarah Savage, who, as we have seen, married Israel Wilcox. Selah Savage, m. Sept. 3, 1838, Sarah, daughter of Silas H. and Harriet Mead, b. Feb. 18, 1817. Their children were William Lewis, b. August 10, 1842, Lieutenant Co. I, 10th Connecticut in Civil War, and Roxa, born July 8, 1855.

The front page picture of the church is very fine. It was taken by William Henry Mead, whose hobby was going about with his tripod camera. But the picture gives no idea of the unbelievable bigness of the great stones which formed the two steps outside, in front of the smallish double door. Nor can it tell you of the inside where in each south corner was a huge wood stove with seats like pews on three sides. People sat here to get warm (and to visit a little?) before taking the aisle to their seats. Big logs were kept under the seats around the stove always ready for the big

doors of the stoves opening toward the aisles. There was no middle aisle in the room.

Little charcoal stoves used to be brought by different families in earliest days. I remember one left in the Solomon Mead seat near the east stove, but it was not used in my time.

Galleries ran on three sides of the church, entered from doors on each side of a hall outside. The hall was just like the entrance hall downstairs with a belfry room at the center south. Closets were on each side of the hall downstairs and possibly, probably, upstairs too. Jars and vases for flowers were kept in one of the downstairs closets, and as people arrived with flowers they would pick up something to put them in and walk up to the front, setting down their contribution on the table, perhaps alone, perhaps with other bouquets.

Cousin Obe Knapp, a careful student of the early days, speaks of the change in style of preaching and methods of work after the coming of the Rev. Frederick Munson, who was installed September 22, 1847, serving for a pastorate of twelve years. "Hitherto we were bid to flee from the wrath of an angry God; now we were invited to come to Christ. We loved rather than revered the man who preached the word." Results, it is reported, were not immediate in additions to the church. I have heard about the time when a feud was brewing in the church. In his calls Mr. Munson would hear one side and then the other. In his quiet gentle way he would answer "Yes, yes". The feud quietly died out. Some seventy-four were added to the church roll in this pastorate.

The Ladies' Beneficent Society was organized in 1848. I can recall Aunt Cornele's struggle to keep people from calling it "Ladies' Benevolent

Society". She would say "It is not just well wishing, it is well doing". The first Directress in that year of organization was Mrs. Mary Purdy, with Huldah Mead, daughter of Darius, second Directress, Lucinda Mead, daughter of Calvin, Treasurer; and Mrs. Silas D. Mead, Secretary. Strong leaders and church workers were those officers through the years, and they should be written up in church annals.

In 1860 alterations were made on the outside of the church, and a new steeple was erected and a new bell installed, which was the gift of the Ladies' Beneficent Society. Amy (Husted) Close, one of the strongest of workers in this women's organization, married "Cousin John Fred Close" and their home was in Round Hill. Amy Close once entertained a company of farmers for dinner. When they admired her table decorations, she had them guessing what the flowers were. None of them had ever seen them before. Then she told them that they were looking at potato blossoms.

Cousin John Fred was a Veteran of the Civil War. The connection with Cousin John Fred Close was through Grandma Mead. Her father Ezekiel Close and his father Tompkins Close Jr., were brothers. Amy Husted Close was the daughter of Martha Mead and Silas Husted of Round Hill. Martha descended through the Ebenezers, her father Jabez I being the son of Ebenezer IV, who was a private in the Revolutionary War and a Major General in the War of 1812. Ebenezer III, 1st child, and Silas Jr., 2nd child of Ebenezer II were brothers. (1)

(1) Amy Close's brother Sylvester Husted was the father of my longest-time friend Ida Husted, Mrs. F. M. Manson of Worthington, Minnesota. Almost from babyhood we were playmates when our elders visited together, or met for church work. Though separated by miles and by years our friendship holds warm today.

Frederick Warner Close son of John Frederick and Amy (Husted) Close married, 1st, Mary A. (whom we called Minnie), daughter of Solomon S. Mead; he married, 2nd, Sarah E. Husted. Her mother, Stella Brush, wife of James Husted of Round Hill, was the daughter of Sarah Mead, wife of Joseph Brush of Greenwich. Sarah Mead's grandfather, seventh son of Ebenezer II was Dr. Amos Mead who married Ruth Bush. Dr. Amos was "Ye Surgeon of ye 3rd Connecticut Regiment in the expedition against Crown Point and Ticonderoga in 1759 and also one of Committee of Safety".(1) Sarah (Mead) Brush's father, the son of Dr. Amos, was Richard Mead whose second wife was Rachel, daughter of Deliverance Mead. Two children of this marriage were Col. Thomas A. Mead, one of the "nine only sons who were own cousins", and Sarah, both own cousins of Silas Hervey Mead, one of "nine cousins". Dr. Amos Mead and Silas Sr. were brothers, sons of Ebenezer II.

Stella Husted was one of the matchless four who made doughnuts for church suppers: Aunt Carrie (Wilcox) Banks, Riversville; Stella (Brush) Husted, Round Hill; Mrs. Hetty Young and Grandmother Emily (Close) Mead; North Greenwich. Mrs. Young's daughter Fannie is a friend of Nash's Corner School days. Those doughnuts were one as good as another but with distinctive differences so that you knew whose doughnuts you were eating. When I was visiting at the Husted home one time Mrs. Stella served us her delicious doughnuts. Finding one herself which she thought was not quite cooked enough she asked us all around the table if our doughnuts were done through. They all were until she came to her husband who answered "Ye-e-s, it will be in a minute". Strong church workers were these families, all -

(1) Quoted from History and Genealogy of the Mead Family by Spencer P. Mead.

It is said that Dr. Washington Choate, a minister settled for some years in the Second Congregational Church in Greenwich, was the only person who ever came to Greenwich from the outside and got all the Meads straightened out.

Sarah (Husted) Close has four children, Amy a registered nurse, Agnes a teacher, Frederick a childrens' doctor, and Emily, wife of Erroll Leighton Lent, a mother of four children. Sarah's children call me "Cousin Louise" and I like it.

Surely no children ever had such a primary teacher in the Sunday School as Stella Husted; I can feel today the inspiration she gave.

DECEMBER 25, 1877

The day of the fifty year celebration of the church is said to have been like one of the most beautiful days of October. I quote from an introductory page printed with the program of the day. "Large numbers of people came from far and near---until the church was filled to its utmost capacity. ---They found it tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers.---At the close of the morning exercises all present were cordially invited to partake of a most bountiful collation, which the good ladies had provided in the Academy. There appeared to be general willingness to accept the invitation, so much so that for more than two hours the feasting continued. This gave abundant opportunity for that social enjoyment and intercourse which was a happy feature of the occasion."

From the program of the day I quote from an address by the Rev. William Alcott, a former pastor. "I have heard Deacon Silas Hervey Mead say 'Of such timbers was this meeting house put together, and so firmly was it framed, that he believed that if the wind should blow strong enough it might roll over and over down Quaker Ridge without going to pieces!'" "The church", he said, "has always taken a deep interest in common schools, the diffusion of knowledge and all educational matters". Mr. Alcott's ordination was February 18, 1868 - "a day", he said, "when people came to church on fourteen ox sleds, some of which took the ministers and delegates to their dinner at Mr. Savage's". He speaks of the winter as one of great snows and drifts.

The outstanding feature of that day for us, was Great Grandfather's historical address.

THE OLD ACADEMY

The North Greenwich Academy was an important feature of the early days in North Greenwich. The Greenwich Academy in Greenwich was built in 1827, the same year as the church in North Greenwich. When the church was well established, those intrepid pioneers in 1834 built the Academy for the "higher education of their children". It was a one-man school with a teacher of merit carefully selected, teachers remembered by their pupils as long as they lived to talk about them. The Academy ran from 1834 until 1862, when the Civil War doubtless closed its doors, as many of the boys, like my father, enlisted for the service as soon as old enough.

The first teacher of the Academy was my mother's uncle, the Rev. Chauncey Wilcox, the first pastor of the church, a position he held for eighteen years. He was buried in the Wilcox plot in the cemetery near the church. He had received boarding pupils in the parsonage before this, until the Academy was incorporated and ready. Mr. Foote was a teacher whom Aunt Tillie and Father always talked about with great appreciation. A later teacher was an older cousin of my mother's, Cousin Emily Wilcox, who taught afterwards for many years at Emma Willard School in Troy, New York, where she went first as a pupil, invited by her great aunt, Mrs. Emma Hart Wilcox. Cousin Emily opened up a new world for Mother, for she taught new things in new ways in the great out-of-doors.

Students came from all directions, Round Hill, Riversville, North Castle, and from "over west". Mother walked up from Riversville, joined at

Deacon Obadiah's place by her life-long friend, Alla Minor, who you will recall, was a niece of Solomon Mead and lived there after the death of her parents. "For many years the school", I quote again Mr. Alcott's address, "was large and flourishing; in it the church always took a deep interest."

About 1901 the old Academy building was given to the church, moved across the road to its present location and fixed up for a social room for the church.

THE NASH'S CORNER SCHOOL

The Nash's Corner School was another institution of great significance in the community. We have in the family an old record kept by the school clerks which begins with the date October 25, 1808. It opened with the simple record, "Silas Mead, Jr. and David Husted Committee for this year. Catherine Webs last quarter accompt

	Days
Calvin Mead	253
John Cornwall	61
James Stevens	256
Robert Field	204"

..and so on through a list of seventeen names with a total number of 1570 days. These numbers doubtless depended on the number of children in each family, and gave the "rates" for the family. Calvin Mead, having ten children, has a high rate.

In the excerpts which follow from this rather precious heirloom I have tried to show the methods of conducting business in the school district, current prices and salaries, the interest in reducing rates to the poor, and the willingness to loan the building for religious uses. In 1851 they sought a new site for a new building, then levied a tax for a new building on the old site, then apparently compromised by raising the old building two feet so that they could store wood under it.

Father was elected clerk in 1880 and was elected annually to that office (and sometimes to others) until 1910. From 1897 on he was except for two years, clerk, committee, treasurer, and collector, all in one.

March 25, 1809

Received of Silas Mead junior and David Husted committee of the School District at the upper end of King Street and Quaker Ridge Forty dollars for teach school in sd district between the 1st of Nov. 1808 and the 1st of March 1809.

J. Kinne

Kinne is spelled sometimes with an 'e', sometimes with a 'y'. I have retained the original spellings wherever possible.

November 2, 1809

November ye 2nd A.D. 1809 at the Annually school meeting for the district Votes that Silas Mead junior be the moderator Calvin Mead Clerk for the year insueing Voted that the Committee be impowered to supply the insueing year Mr. Robert Leonard to find half cord of oak wood \$2:69 cents Mr. Jehial Mead finds one half of oak wood \$2:68 cents... School rate for March 1809 to March 1810

	D	Lent	Cents	Amount
Thomas Carpenter	150	: 360	: 44	: 4 01
Robert Leonard	15	: 36	: 11	: 47
David Husted	229	: 550	: 65	: 6 15

The list continues through twenty names. This seems to give the days, the amount of money forwarded and the amount still due.

April 1, 1816

Expenses of Quaker Ridge district ending April 1st, 1816.

For teaching	\$129:00
For wood	14:29
Sundries	1:91
		\$145:20

Public Money and out of
district \$ 70:33
\$ 74:87
Due for wood 14:29
Remains to be collected \$ 60:58

The district debtor to Calvin Mead - \$2:67

April 2, 1816

Received of Luther Mead April 2, 1816 fifty-four
Dollars for four months teaching school in full of
all demands.

Joseph Brush

Upper end of Quaker Ridge District Dr. to
Luther Mead fifty-four dollars for money
advanced to Joseph Brush.
April 2, 1816

So we see from this that those who ran the school
had some difficulty in staying out of the red.

October 24, 1822

Voted that the Comity be empowered to
abate such poor people as they
think proper.

Voted that all Denominations of Christians
have the same privalege that the
Methodist had last year in this
school house.

October 22, 1823

Voted that if any man neglect or refuse to
furnish the wood by the time specified forfit
and pay the sum of one dollar for the use of
the school.

Voted that all Religious Denominations have
the privalege of holding meetings in this
House on the first Day of the Week.

Voted that the wood be cut and corded at the school house.

March 3, 1851

At a special meeting of the Quaker Ridge school district legally warned held on 3rd March, 1851...

Voted that the school committee be authorized to dispose of the old school house and lot...

October 7, 1851

Voted that so much of the vote taken at a special meeting held on the 3rd March, 1851 authorizing the committee to sell the lot on which this school house stands be rescinded and that they sell the house only.

September 23, 1853

Voted that the school committee as was authorized procure estimates of the probable expense of raising the school house to a height sufficient for storing wood...

September 30, 1853

The Committee reported that the school house can probably be raised 2 feet at the expense of 15 dolls. On motion it was voted that the Committee proceed to have the same done during the present vacation.

September 24, 1855

...that the expenses in paying teacher board full and other items for the school for the past year was one hundred and eighty eight Dolls 50 cents and that the income of the district was 168.87/100 Dolls and the summer term yet to be collected.

The teacher's pay had risen slightly, but there was still the problem of making the income cover the expenses.

January 13, 1868

At a special meeting of the Quaker Ridge school district on the evening of January 13, 1868 John Sands was chosen Moderator. It was voted that the school in this district be conducted as a free school provided the expense of the same to be raised by tax shall not exceed 200 Dolls.

June 29, 1897

Rev. Levi Rodgers elected chairman...
Election of officers resulted in choice of Silas E. Mead for Com, Clerk, Treas & Col. Ch. administered the oath to clerk & on motion the meeting adjourned.

Attest. Silas E. Mead, Clerk

July 11, 1910 (The last entry)

Voted to authorize the Committee to close the affairs of the district with the town.
Voted to adjourn. Attest.

Silas E. Mead, Clerk

It is interesting to see the succession of generations shown in the school book. For our own family Silas H. follows Silas, Jr., then Silas D. and Silas E. with Ezekiel C. occurring also. The David Husted who was one of the first committee members, lived above the Sands place on the road to North Castle, perhaps a mile and a half from the school. The house stands on a bank above the road on the east side. It is still owned by descendants of the Husted family. This road to North Castle is now called Old Bedford Road, I believe.

The book also shows the names of several Quaker families coming down through their generations. Daniel Griffin lived about a mile north of Nash's Corner in a large house still standing, just below the Sands' house, which is similar. Both are on the west side of the road. Aunt Hattie and Uncle

Lev lived in the Sands house when first married, with Uncle Lev's Aunt Sarah Sands, one of the Quaker families. The other Quaker families lived south west of the school house. They later built their own school house near their homes. They were delightful people and fine neighbors -- some of them my friends today, the Carpenters and the Fields still owning their own homes. The Carpenter family lived for a long time in Port Chester, so I did not know them as a child, but they owned the fascinating old, old home south of where the Byram crosses the King Street road, just where a road branches west. Later the family returned to this place in North Greenwich which three of the daughters still call home. The house is covered with vines and shrubs and hidden from the street. A lane leads down to the "Old Saw Mill", which was the Carpenter Mill in the days of its activity. Mrs. Carpenter enjoyed returning to the old place. She told me one time that some times when her work seemed too heavy she would slip out into the old orchard -- a heavenly tangle of things -- and hear the birds and drink in the quiet, and then return to the house ready to carry on with her big family of children.



Never was there such a place for a school house. Here were woods where one could get a handful of wild flowers in a fifteen-minute recess. Huge chestnut trees were monarchs in the woods. Hickory nuts, butter nuts, and black walnuts abounded -- black walnuts enough to keep all the fingers of all the children stained a vivid yellow throughout the season. A little stream west of the school house, just below the hill -- a stream that fed the Byram, was dammed up for a skating pond through the winter. Muskrats liked it as well as the children did. Sleds could run right down from the big elm north east of the school house across the pond. Douglass says "How well I remember being always at the far end of the skating pond when the bell rang". In the spring the pond made a glorious place for "peepers" and for a raft with all its excitement of wet feet and clothes. There were rocks and trees, a dirt cellar and little upstart hills for hide and seek. The road itself gave a base ball ground and the ample triangle where the roads met was the scene of pussy-in-the-corner and duck-on-a-rock. Two sand banks offered all the kinds of sugars, spices, salt, and red pepper that

any grocer could desire. A visiting mineralogist at the Center, Mr. William P. Nickle, calls one of the banks of white sand unusual of its kind. There is another bank like it north of the Silas E. Mead house, which was a lovely play house. Nanny berries, (whatever they are!) birch, and sassafras grew near by and -- best of all the calamus, good root and leaf and fruit bud. The big bridge over the Byram gave all sorts of allurements and fascinations. A place near the road for cattle to drink made a fine place for wading, and even for bathing. The Byram was full of bathing places. A walk across the Silas E. Mead place to a spring offered attractions, especially if two could go during school hours. But nothing was ever said about birds. Even Cousin Emily at the Academy never taught birds I think.

One memorable September the pasture lot where the pond was dammed up for winter skating, became suddenly blue with fringed gentians, never formerly around there. Here today and gone tomorrow! The next year there were only a few scattering blossoms and thereafter none. Perhaps the cattle pasturing there made some difference to this erratic visitor.

Teachers at Nash's Corner School often boarded with Grandma Mead and later with my mother, teachers who became family friends and returned to visit through the years, their children with them. Jennie E. Bahr, who boarded with us and later married Uncle Zeke, was to become one of my dearest friends. Of our own family, Aunt Tille, I believe, taught there and Aunt Cornele. Aunt Hattie taught when I was a pupil. Uncle Zeke, I think, substituted for a day or so, if necessary.

Funny things happened at school. One teacher used to call for Bible verses every Wednesday morning. At that time camp meetings carried on in Sing Sing were very popular. One boy at roll call

had his verse all ready. Having misheard the verse, "Pray without ceasing", he said, "Pray over to Sing Sing". This pupil was one of the group of children whom Uncle Lev picked up for a ride to their home. When they got out there was an awkward pause; then Uncle Lev said "Thank you", and they said "Oh, you're welcome".

The school house, at least a part of it, has become a modern dwelling house, moved a little west from its original foundation.

CHANGING GENERATIONS

The generations go and come like the constant progression pictured in Thornton Wilder's play *A Long Christmas Dinner*. Silas Hervey and Harriet divided their property between their two children. Aunt Sarah, our great aunt, kept the homestead and the ridge lots with some property south across the road from the house. Silas Deliverance took the portion of land farther west, adding to it from time to time as he could. He finally bought the Nash property on the Byram River west of the Nash's Corner road. He built his home a half mile down the hill west of the Savage place on the same side of the road. It connected with the Ridge road north of the Harriet Mead Savage lots by a strip of woods of wonderful old beech trees. I remember one covered with initials running far up the trunk. Across the road east from these woods were the "Lawrence Lots", which for some reason Father owned. They were with the land sold to John Sterling, which he left to Yale University, but now belong to the Nature Center. These lots are the only part of the land of the Silases that is in the Audubon holdings.



Silas D. Mead was a man of inherent dignity and worth. I have seen him quell rough men into silence by a gesture of his hand. He was a man of excellent judgment. I have heard Father say that men would ask him, when a troublesome question came up in town affairs, what his father thought about it. He had an inborn love of farming possessed by none of his sons. I can visualize him feeding his chickens in the "back yard" with pigeons swooping down around him as he called, "Kip, kip, kip". Perhaps "Mollie", the horse, stands by ready for a trip some where, and a team of oxen yoked to begin work. Grandpa was very fond of his oxen, and usually kept three teams of superb animals. When heavy snow storms came, these oxen would turn out with ox sleds carrying shovels and men and meet other men with shovels and oxen, or whatever they had to use, all working together to get the roads opened, sometimes for two or three days. I recall Sundays when we rode to church on the ox sled, hanging on to the poles as we stood, ploughing through the untracked roads after a sudden heavy snowfall.

There were beautiful evenings when big and little turned out to coast on the hills in the moon

light or brilliant starlight. Those days seem very long ago, for there were years and years later when we never had such snow storms except the awful blizzard of March, 1888, which a few of us remember. A tunnel was made under a tremendous drift at the Wright place. In May, believe it or not -- Aunt Cornele froze ice cream with the solid packed snow from this bank.

Rev. Charles Hoyt, who had been newly called to the pastorate of North Greenwich but was not yet settled, had come for over Sunday and he was trapped by the blizzard. The tragic part of the story was that he could not get away to attend his own wedding in New Jersey. Finally the men got a path opened to get him to Riversville where Uncle Will with some difficulty helped him to get to Glenville and from there they helped him to the railroad station in Port Chester. He reached New Jersey only a few days late for his marriage.

Memories cluster around family prayers in Grandpa's home. The "hired men" and even the chance peddler who had spent the night in the "back chambers" came from the kitchen into the "sitting room", a combination "dining-living room" before modern days made it popular, and took the chairs set along the walls. In those days peddlers were important help to the housekeeper and her family, with their needles and pins, matches, thread, handkerchiefs, and even wearing apparel. In my mother's home in still earlier days peddlers carried jewelry of solid gold -- pure gold in those days, I suspect. I have now a pin that Mother had from her mother, bought from a peddler. It is a gold cluster of leaves and acorns with a hollow center and gold back. One time old Mr. Fisher, whom we were always glad to see, arrived with his pack. We all gathered around, each to find the treasure she wanted. Another peddler arrived at the same time. This was Mr. Swan with his horse

and covered wagon with doors opening in the back. He carried all sorts of cooking utensils and other kitchen needs. Both men spent the night. At that same time a man from Round Hill, William Dove, whom we all liked very much, was staying nights. And so we had a fisher, a swan and a dove overnight, and probably all three came in for morning prayers, at any rate Mr. Fisher and Mr. Dove did.

In her New Rochelle home Aunt Tillie was looking at a peddler's pack one day, and he told her of a friendly home in the country which he visited where every one sat down together for morning prayers. Aunt Tillie questioned him and found he was telling about her own father in her own home in North Greenwich. Another transient who came to the house was "George the Painter". He went about on his bicycle painting religious exhortations on the rocks in blue paint, and at dangerous corners there would be "Prepare to meet thy God". He used to stay a short time and work before he started out again with his paint. He estimated that one thousand souls were saved for each motto he painted. I am sure he treated some roads that never saw a thousand passersby, but the average would enter into his calculation, no doubt. This reminder of dangerous corners brings the story of Hervey's "Grandpa Solomon" when someone ran into him on that very dangerous three-way corner in Glenville where the Riversville Road comes in. He said "My friend, I have been looking for you these fifty years". There is a rumor of someone who came to stay a week and stayed sixteen years. Do any of you know who it was? Old Betty came from the "poor house" to spend her last days. And Uncle Handford brother of Great Grandmother Harriet, a roving spirit, came finally with his old horse and buggy to spend his last years. I remember him very well and Clarkson does a little.

Grandpa was Deacon Mead, and so were all of

his sons, but some way the title "deacon" belongs to Deacon Hervey. But Deacon Silas D. was in no way less faithful in the office. On Sunday mornings after family prayers the family stopped for Grandpa to go over the Sunday School lesson with them. Then he started early for church to stop for his weekly call on his sister Sarah. There was never a question about going to church. We went because it was church day, just as we ate breakfast or did anything else to sustain life. And in some way church and a sermon, followed by Sunday School, did not seem too long to two little girls. Grandfather's talks at the Sunday evening service, a "monthly concert" devoted to missions, is a clear vision of him to me. I cannot recall a thing that he said, but the passion of his heart as he talked glows vividly bright still. One evening in particular stands out. It was soon after the church burned, when we were holding services in the old Academy across the road from where it now stands, you remember. It seemed that his whole soul was poured out as he talked, carried away by a big vision.

The Sunday School Library had quite a collection of books, good and less good, and there was one about Titus Coan and the Sandwich Islands. Grandpa, man of vision, fed his soul on such books, an influence no doubt toward a world vision for his hearers. He often talked to himself as he worked and was, I believe, preparing some talk for prayer meeting or monthly "concert". How he would have reveled in the splendidly organized mission work of our Church Boards today and the big united movements of the Federation of Churches.

In reporting for the Church at a meeting of "The Consociation", after hearing various reports from other churches about debts being cleared off and quarrels being settled, Grandfather said that the North "Greenidge" Church was "too poor to have

a debt and too few to quarrel". Grandpa always said "Greenidge" and "Standige". I remember in my young days feeling so mortified, wondering why he did not say Greenwich and Stanwich the right way. And now I say glibly "Greenidge" but Stanwich more often than not, with great, inconsistency.

I remember hearing Grandpa reply, when some one told him they had missed him on some occasion, that he was glad if there was enough of him to be missed.

Silas D. Mead believed actively in education. After the Academy closed he sent the four younger children away to school, at a time, be it remembered, when little journeys were not too easy. This was unusual for girls. Boys intending to lead professional lives went to college, but for girls to go away, even to a secondary school was not usual. Aunt Cornele and Aunt Hattie went to Mr. Dowd's school, in Granville, N. Y. when Aunt Cornele first went, and later moved to Saratoga. Uncle Rashe went to Rye Academy in Rye, coming home over Sundays. Uncle Zeke went to Chappaqua Mountain Institute in Chappaqua, N. Y. and to Williston Seminary in Easthampton, Mass. I remember his enjoyment in telling of an occurrence when one of the boys returned late from vacation. When the principal called him to explain and found that he had stayed over for his grandmother's funeral, he said, "Well, well, don't let it happen again."

Silas D. was a man with an open mind. He lived in the days when theological questions were warmly discussed. I have heard Father tell of Grandpa taking ministers to the train after a general conference in North Greenwich with special outside speakers. All through the seven-mile ride, which meant an hour or an hour and a quarter, those ministers argued over doctrines. Grandfather said afterwards that he thought each one was more



strongly set in his own opinion after the arguments but that he, the listener, had completely reversed his opinions.

There were often times when a minister must be secured on short notice for a service. There were no telephones, you know, to make things easy. It would mean a trip to "the village" or to New York to the Board rooms. Perhaps a Board secretary or a missionary on furlough would come home with the seeker to give us a bigger outlook. It was good to meet such people.

I remember one Sunday after 1900 when at my home we entertained Dr. Riggs, grandfather of Stephen Trowbridge. (This is for Emily, whose college classmate, Blanche Horton, was the wife of Stephen Trowbridge). Dr. Riggs had been many years in Turkey under the American Board. In the afternoon we invited him to walk with some of us down to the "Old Saw Mill". He was delighted to go. When we came to the tall pines along Byram River, Dr. Riggs exclaimed, "Why, I had forgotten that such places exist". There were no trees in Turkey. This walk was the oft repeated favorite which the boys and I found so much pleasure in Sunday afternoons -- Selah, Llewellyn, Hervey and Douglass, a good book and sometimes a guest. Douglass has told me that he remembers picnicking down there sometimes and remembers once "how we boys had wandered away from the group when suddenly we heard a spooky noise from the bushes. We all ran back and George (who had done it) was quite innocent but guiltily out of breath". I remember one time when I was hostess for quite a group of visiting friends and one of our afternoons was to be a picnic down in the deep woods. I had prepared lavishly for that picnic but when we began to eat, my memory quickened to the horrible realization that I had left the chocolate cake at home! Selah, always generously ready to help, went back for it, though

everyone protested that we did not need it. One time when Georgia Minor and I were down there, Jack and Trixie were with us, big dog and little dog, inseparable companions. We crossed the stream and started on down the other side, not realizing that the rushing water was too much for Trixie, until we heard his cries. Suddenly Jack was gone, he crossed and walked back up the stream to join Trixie, and they came down together until the water was broadened out enough for the little sky-terrier-type-of-a-dog to make the crossing. A true dog story.

A most welcome guest at the house was William McKay. He was a Scotchman who kept a store in general merchandise, in Huntington, Long Island. His visits were memorable because he was a man of shining Christian personality so brilliant that the impression can never be effaced on those who know him. I think Grandma Mead told me that he and his brother came from Scotland, as boys, to work on farms. I cannot tell what the connection was which made Mr. McKay the family friend that he was, but the family loved him dearly. From him Hervey gets his middle name. I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. McKay (Mrs. McKay was an invalid) in Huntington with Aunt Cornele one time. The Disbrows must remember him, but none of the rest of you will, of course.

I have many intimate visions of Grandpa in the house. I can see him so often passing up his cup of tea which had to be scalding hot, saying "a leetle warm tea, Emily, please". He always had tea from China, which came in a very large box covered with Chinese paper and markings. There must have been pounds and pounds of it, which doubtless lasted a long time. "Oh fiddlesticks" was Grandpa's refutation of plans or arguments that did not appeal to his reason, or "Humbug" for what he thought was foolishness. He used it at

times in the table conversation.

The house opposite the Silas D. house was the Palmer place. It was built after Grandfather Mead's house was built. Thirza, daughter of Calvin Mead, b. Nov. 5, 1792, d. Dec. 20, 1882, married James Palmer, who died very soon after the son James was born, Sept. 20, 1820. After the death of James, Sr., Thirza and her baby lived in the Calvin Mead homestead. When James was grown, Calvin gave him land. No one knows now whether Calvin or James built the house, but it was in the Palmer name until a sale some time after 1910. I cannot clear up our connection with James Palmer. We all called James Jr., "Cousin James" and I presume there was a connection with Grandma Mead's family.

Thirza lived at her son's until her death. I can remember her, but not until her mind was gone. James married Mary West. Mary's sister, Mrs. Gillette, came there to live after her husband's death. "Aunt Millie", as we called Mrs. Palmer, (I do not know why we said "Aunt Millie" and "Cousin James" but we all did) lived to use a wheel chair all the time. She and Mrs. Gillette were charming ladies. I wonder if these Wests were related to Heman Mead's wife, Margaret West. There were other members of the Palmer-Wests centered in Portland, Oregon, and one granddaughter, Julia Palmer, was educated out there.

Augustus and E. Llewellyn were the children of James and Mary Palmer. "Gussie" left home early and became a successful railroad man located in Corning, N.Y. but he never forgot his home family. His first wife opened up new things to me when she came there sometimes for a long stay in the summer. One hobby was butterflies, and she taught me to help in collecting them. Years later Gus Palmer returned to live in Port Chester, and his second wife, "Aunt Mary" (to the Palmer children) won my

heart completely -- another of the friends with whom I lose connection. I always rejoice to hear of her through Eva, Wellie's oldest daughter, who was educated with them and became a "daughter" in the home.

"Wellie" grew up and stayed in the home helping in the work of market gardening. Men and women flocked there in the early morning hours in the season to pick strawberries, and children too did some picking. Mabel'n Louise used to go some, and that earned money was carefully treasured in little leather pocket books with handles. Wellie Palmer married Roxa Savage, daughter of Selah and Sarah (Mead) Savage. Their children were Eva Flynn, Julia Rice, Selah, and Llewellyn, living now respectively in Coronado, California; Juneau, Alaska; Mansfield, Conn.; and Herkimer, N. Y. Eva, born 1884, married -- Flynn, no longer living. She has one son, Robert b. August 19, 1919, a Lieut. Commander in the present war. Julia, b. April 30, 1885, m. George B. Rice Mar. 4, 1920 who died rather recently. She has two adopted children, Hallie P. just graduated in June from Annapolis, and Betty, married recently. Selah, b. August 22, 1886 married Eva ---. Their children are: (1) Myrtle, b. October 12, 1913. She took college work and graduated to be a teacher of Government and History, but has a fine job as Department Assistant in the Registrar's Department at the University of Connecticut in Storrs. (2) Russell, b. April 3, 1916, a Marine stationed at the Sub-Base in New London. He married -- and has two children. (3) Edward L., b. September 3, 1920. He was over a year in the Army, then discharged because of torn ligaments in the knee. He will graduate in June from the University of Connecticut, majoring in Agricultural Economics. (4) Merrilyn Avis, b. November 17, 1923, is a senior in Conn. University, majoring in Home Economics and doing 4-H work. She and Edward went to West Virginia to represent young people of the Club. (5) Selah, Jr.

b. January 8, 1926, is a 4-F due to spine injury. He is taking a two year course in Agriculture. Three children in college, graduating in June. What a family record. North Greenwich pride mounts high!

Llewellyn Palmer, b. March 7, 1888, m. Sept. 16, 1916 Mary Folts, b. September 13, 1885, died Children: (1) Louise Annette, b. March 7, 1919, a graduate nurse from Faxton Hospital, Utica, N. Y. with a degree from Syracuse University in Health Dept. work, now working as School Nurse in Herkimer, N. Y. (2) Charlotte Mary, b. January 7, 1922, a graduate nurse from Faxton, A.M.C. in the war, now at England General Hospital in Atlantic City. (3) Theodore Folts, b. February 7, 1925, over two years at sea, trained as a submarine detector, and now soon to be dismissed. (1) There are many records to be thrilled over all along the line!

(1) Now at home, "has earned many stripes and seen lots of service".



Grandmother Mead was Emily Louisa Close, the daughter of Ezekiel Close and Althea Palmer of Stanwich, Conn. She was a woman of unusual ability and of out-going help to all who came into her life. She kept life full of interests in those old days. One day she might be dyeing cloth for carpet rags in a huge iron kettle over a stone fire place in the back yard. Then the dyed pieces of various colors would be cut into long strips and put away in a big sheet. When the right day came, out would come the big sheet on the center of the sitting room floor, with needles and thread ready for all to sew in spare time moments or in a family social hour. Sometimes sons and guests were at hand to join in the work. Louise had to be watched, for some way all the very bright pieces got into her balls with no black strips. Sometimes Grandmother would be paring and slicing quantities of apples to spread in the sun to dry on long boards placed on the backs of chairs. These had to be brought in at night and put out again for several days. Another time it would be the almost vanished art of dipping tallow candles. This was done in the "well room" adjoining the kitchen. It was great fun to help. These would be used for light when going down cellar or in the pantry store room or upstairs. Regularly there was butter to churn in a barrel-shaped wooden churn with a dasher up and down, up and down. Later a wooden tub-like thing on legs with a dasher inside and a handle

outside which went round and round, round and round. Then came the huge round wooden bowl and big wooden ladle to "work the butter" -- a mountain of gold when finished, or a gold mine in our days of ration points. What a venture it was to get down cellar into the milk room sometimes, and stick a sly finger into the rich cream on top of the big pans of milk. When I said once that something made me "sick to my stomach", Grandma, knowing my desire for education, said "you must educate your stomach child". That taught me a lot for I accepted and remembered it.

There was never anything so good as Grandma Mead's cooking. She just naturally knew how to put things together, and always they came out right to a perfect finish. One day I was hunting for a receipt and Grandma said, "Why, I should think you could make that, child, without hunting a receipt". But she had receipts a plenty. Sometimes there would be as many as sixteen regularly in the family. We must remember, too, that it meant a busy life inside and out for all the family. The kerosene lamps must be gathered up from all the rooms, then filled and wiped and the wicks trimmed and chimneys washed. Water must be pumped at the kitchen sink and poured into the tank of the kitchen stove to keep hot water on hand. Drinking water must be drawn from the wall in the "well room". There were coal fires to care for, ashes to "take up" and dusting a plenty to be done. And great rooms with carpets right up to the corners to be swept even before "carpet sweepers" began to help. Somebody asked Grandma if she always knew what she was going to have for the next day's meals when she went to bed at night. Her reply was that she did not know when she went to bed, but she always knew when she got up in the morning.

Sometimes there would be times extra strenuous and perhaps without "help", when the family table

was set up in the kitchen where a table was moved out from the wall and its great leaves lifted -- a mahogany table if you please. Another very beautiful San Domingo mahogany table with wide leaves to lift did service in the store room, holding extra pies and fruits, while a walnut extension table graced the "dining-sitting room" covered between meals with a "turkey red" cotton cover in the prevailing style of the day. This mahogany table was Great Grandmother Harriet's and probably came with her when she left the Jehial Mead homestead. When Grandma Mead was getting ready to move, she told me that the table was so big nobody seemed to want to keep it and she would let it go in the auction unless I wanted it. Did I want it! It is one of my most precious possessions today.

When I look back to that busy kitchen with its lack of modern helps to make work easy and remember the size of the dish pan, the great loaves of bread and cake, with time for special things like "Dutch Cake", and think of all the things that went on, I wonder how any of the grown-ups ever stood it.

"Yet through the daily dazing toil,
The crowding tasks of hand and brain,
Through "lowly hours of dust and din" she kept
Upraised the "Kingdom over self and sin".(1)

Grandmother had a remarkable mind. She did not speak much, but when she did you wanted to hear; an original and wide awake woman who knew what was going on in the world while she stayed at home and made it possible for others to go. She knew the flowers and knew the stars and loved her garden beds where she worked herself until later days forbade. She knitted socks and socks, and sweaters and fine thread patterns of lace, trying out the most intricate patterns as they appeared regularly
(1) Adapted from a poem by Mabel Earle.

in the papers. She could laugh heartily without much sound, and had her moments of **fun**. She never failed on April Fool's Day to catch some one of her family at the table when cups were passed up for refilling. Always one cup would go back unfilled to the unsuspecting victim. They never could remember to watch out for "Mother" on April Fool's Day.

Then came the years when this woman of active mind and body had to sit in a wheel chair year after year, just waiting, waiting, even years when she could not read, could not knit, could not see the stars or the flowers. There were no radios to help her active mind. She could listen a little to reading for daily news, but it tired her. She lived to be ninety-three, her mind clear almost to the last day. Truly she reached the acme of heroism which Maeterlinck pictures as "an old man sitting in a rocking chair patiently waiting".

The Close family (1) was formerly located at Langley, near Macclesfield, England, in 1486. Cloughs, Clowes, or Close is a Saxon word meaning a cleft in a valley between two hills. The name of Close first appeared in New England in the will of William Frost of Fairfield, Conn. January 6, 1644, when one Goodman Close is mentioned. A search of the Parish Register of County York, England, indicates that Goodman Close was born in Grinton Parish, where the family attained considerable prominence. Goodman Close, born about 1600 in County York, England, came to America about 1642 with his wife, Elizabeth, who was born about 1606. They finally settled in Fairfield, Conn., where he died in 1653. His widow died in Stamford Sept. 4, 1656.

- (1) Much of my material on Grandma Mead's Close family comes from a booklet prepared for me by Eulaila Kepner Williams, whom I long to see.

The list runs like this:

	Close
Goodman	m. Elizabeth
Thomas	m. Sarah Hardy
Joseph, Sr.	m. Rebecca Tompkins
Joseph, Jr.	m. Eunice Hait
Captain Odel	m. Bethia Reynolds
Tompkins	m. Mary Reynolds
Ezekiel Reynolds Close	m. Althea Palmer
Emily Louisa	m. Silas D. Mead

Uncle Zeke always kept an early red peony root from our great grandfather Ezekiel Reynolds Close's place. There is one now at Aunt Jen's and I have one in my own garden, given me by Uncle Zeke and cared for by friends in the years when our home base changed.

Our branch of the family descends from Thomas, third child of Goodman and Elizabeth Close, who was born about 1637. He married Sarah, daughter of Richard and Ann (Husted) Hardy, in 1669. He died in Greenwich in 1709. The original deed of the Horseneck plantation from the Indians is in Hartford, dated February 1, 1686. Thomas Close was one of two witnesses. This tract was then divided among "the 27 proprietors of 1672", of whom Thomas Close was one. On March 20, 1701 it was decided that a meeting house be built at Horse Neck and the following committee was appointed: Thomas Close, Joshua Knapp, and Ebenezer Mead. The chapel was erected on or near the site of the Second Congregational Church in Greenwich.

Joseph Close Sr. 4th child of Thomas and Sarah,

was born November 20, 1676 and died October 4, 1760. In 1701 he married Rebecca Tompkins, who was born in 1679 and died November 13, 1761 and was buried in Salem, N. Y.

Joseph Jr. was born September 20, 1702 and died January 4, 1760. On May 29, 1728 he married Eunice Hait, who died March 7, 1740. Joseph Jr. fought in the French and Indian War.

Odel Close, the 4th child of Joseph II and Eunice was born October 22, 1738 and died April 26, 1812. On December 16, 1756 he married Bethia, daughter of Gideon Reynolds. She was born February 27, 1742, d. February 17, 1832. Bethia eloped with Odel and was married at the age of 14. Odel Close was one of the Committee of Safety and Inspection, appointed at the Town Meeting December 1775. He was Lieutenant of the 9th Regt., 4th Brig. Connecticut Militia and later Captain. The First Detail of the Regiment, to which Odel I and his brother Joseph III belonged, took part in the battles of Long Island and White Plains. Odel I and Bethia (Reynolds) Close are buried in the Jonathan Close Cemetery, Greenwich, Conn. It is said that Odel I was a very tall man and had a chair made for himself, a high chair of oak which is in the possession of the descendants of Odel II. In the family record of a deed given by him he spells the name O d e l.

Tompkins, the 7th child of Odel and Bethia, was born May 11, 1772 and died Feb. 18, 1855. On Dec. 28, 1794 he married Mary, daughter of Ezekial and Mary (Mead) Reynolds, who was born Sept. 28, 1772 and died March 27, 1851. This Ezekial Reynolds was the son of Nathaniel Reynolds of Greenwich. Mary Mead, his wife, was the daughter of Capt. Caleb Mead whose acquaintance we have already made. Thus we have two lines of descent from Capt. Caleb Mead II:

Ebenezer I
Caleb I m. Mary Holmes
Caleb II m. Hannah Rundle

Deborah (4th child) b. 1743 Mary(8th child) b.1750
m. Jehial Mead I m. Ezekiel Reynolds

Jehial II m. Phebe Mary Reynolds
m. Tompkins Close

Harriet m. Silas H. Ezekiel Reynolds Close
m. Althea Palmer

Silas D. m. Emily Louisa Close

Ezekiel and Mary (Mead) Reynolds are buried in Cherry Orchard Cemetery, Stanwich, Conn. This Mary daughter of Ezekiel and Mary (Mead) Reynolds who married Tompkins Close, must have had a brother, Ezekiel Reynolds II, who was uncle of Ezekiel Reynolds Close, great uncle of Emily Close Mead, great, great uncle of Silas E. Mead. I remember very well indeed when for a long time a trip was planned to take Mabel 'n Louise to see their "great, great, great Uncle Zekle Reynolds". "Great, great, great Uncle Zekle Reynolds" was uppermost in their conversation for days. Finally the day came and how excited we were! We were as usual dressed alike this time in red plaid Alpaca dresses. Unfortunately Uncle Zekle Reynolds had a bad cold and we could see him for only a few minutes. He looked very old. He died soon after, but I do not know his age. But the conversation still went on, "I've seen my great, great, great Uncle Zekle Reynolds".

The first child of Tompkins and Mary (Reynolds) Close was Ezekiel Reynolds Close, who was born Oct. 20, 1795 and died Jan. 26, 1857. On March 10, 1818 he married Althea Palmer, Grandma Mead's mother who was born Jan. 3, 1797 and died July 9, 1874. The 5th, 7th and 8th children of Tompkins and Mary were

the "three aunties"; Aunts Louisa, Abigail and Nancy. They never married and lived in their own part of their ancestral home in Stanwich, where we used to be taken to see them. Tompkins (6th child) b. Oct. 5, 1805, d. May 15, 1884 and Sally Dole Reynolds m. 1835, b. 1814, d. 1882 were the parents of cousin John Fred who as you may remember was own cousin to Grandma Mead. Here also lived Uncle Zachariah, the 9th child of Tompkins and Mary, who kept the ancestral home. He was born January 29, 1812, d. February 24, 1883 m. Sarah Mills Husted. His daughter was Mary Olivia Close, Grandma's own cousin, but she was the age of Grandma's children and they adored each other. "Cousin Mary Leve" was a feature in the life of all who knew her. She married the Rev. Frank C. Potter a minister in the Stanwich church. When he retired they moved to Middletown and lived in the other half of Alla Minor's house. They took with them a young girl from Stanwich, Louisa Howard, of whom they were very fond. She was educated in Middletown and became a daughter to them with great advantages to both sides. Louisa married Willis Savage of East Berlin, a brother of Caroline Savage mentioned further on, and has daughters now grown. The 10th child of Tompkins and Mary was Mary Amanda. This was "Aunt Mary" who married Jeremiah Palmer and lived in North Castle. Their children, Cousin Gertrude, who married Obadiah Knapp, a commissioned officer in the Civil War, son of Isaac Knapp of Round Hill, and Cousin Mary, who married Amos Kepner and lived in Philadelphia, were also Grandma's own cousins, but being the age of Grandma's children, they were schoolmates together. Their children were our friends. Mary Knapp married Vernon Irvine of Butler, Pa. and a fine group of their children lives to carry out their ideals. Lewis and Amos were others of the Knapp family. Lewis died while finishing his education for a doctor, and Amos married and lived in Yonkers for many years. His wife died a few years

ago and there were no children. Amos is travelling in the West and writing interesting letters to Aunt Jen. Eulaila Kepner married Dr. C. A. Williams, a physician in Petersburg, Fla. with a summer home at Groton Long Point, Conn. Cousin Obe Knapp was the son of Isaac Knapp of Round Hill and his wife, Theodosia, a sister of Solomon Mead. Cousin Obe's sister, Caroline, married Henry Savage, which locates Caroline Savage, her daughter, who is a friend of Emily and Harriet Disbrow and is my friend. Isaac Knapp, an officer in Civil War, Cousin Obe's brother, married Anna Dickinson of New Britain, who taught school at Nash's Corner and boarded with Mother. People used to say to tease Mother that all of her school teachers married, usually someone in the vicinity. Another sister of Cousin Obe was Emma, who married Edward Ellis of East Long Meadow, Mass. She was a marvelous Sunday School teacher of girls just out of the primary class. I visited their home when at college in South Hadley. They had a family of lovely girls whom I haven't seen in years but hear about through Caroline Savage.

The children of Ezekiel Reynolds Close and Althea Palmer were Emily Louisa, b. Dec. 21, 1820 d. May 22, 1912; and Henry Palmer, b. Dec. 27, 1825 d. April 27, 1859. "Uncle Henry" was always spoken of very lovingly by the children of Silas D. and Emily (Close) Mead. There used to be at Grandma's house an old muzzle loader gun which belonged to Uncle Henry. Does anyone know where it is now? Emily Louisa Close and Silas D. Mead were married on Sept. 22, 1840. Their children appear in the following list with grandchildren and great grandchildren.

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Myrtilla Platt, Nov. 4, 1841-Dec. 22, 1914, m. Livingston Disbrow, Sept. 2, 1873
 children:

Clarkson Olcott, b. July 12, 1874
 Emily Mead, b. March 3, 1878
 Harriet Myrtilla, b. Sept. 7, 1880, m. July 15, 1915 Edward Sorrel Black, Sr.
 children:

Edward Sorrel Black, Jr. (known as Jimmie), b. Dec. 8, 1917, Lieut. U. S.
 Naval Reserve, m. July 14, 1945 Patricia Parsons Erdhaus
 Emily Myrtilla, b. March 26, 1921
 Infant son b. December 4, 1885, d. December 6, 1885
 Silas Edward, March 15, 1844-August 23, 1916, m. Sept. 12, 1867 Cornelia M.
 Wilcox, b. June 22, 1843, d. October 18, 1930
 children:

Silas Francis, b. December 7, 1868, d. September 20, 1872
 Mabel Wilcox, b. Sept. 4, 1870, d. August 3, 1882
 Louise Celestia, b. October 6, 1871, m. Jan. 5, 1915 the Rev. George Haws
 Feltus, b. August 8, 1868, d. February 13, 1936
 Josiah Willis, b. December 8, 1879, d. July 1887
 Emily Cornelia, November 22, 1846 - April 24, 1898
 Sarah Clarissa, January 10, 1849 - September 28, 1850
 Horatio Bardwell, August 3, 1851 - February 5, 1940, m. Lora E. Stockwell,
 May 20, 1890
 children:

Margaret Emily, b. June 1, 1891, m. Dec. 30, 1922 Rollin H. Arvidson
 children:

Lora Emily, b. Jan. 6, 1926 d. Jan. 14, 1926
 Robert Arvidson, an adopted nephew, active Seebee in 2nd World War, in
 Chinese waters at close.
 Silas Francis, b. Dec. 25, 1893, m. Esther Zeck June 5, 1936
 children:

Silas Edward, b. September 22, 1940
 Howard Douglas, b. January 22, 1895, d. April 15, 1908
 Elizabeth Cornelia, b. November 1, 1897, m. December 30, 1920 B. Earle
 Haining
 children:

James Mead b. November 20, 1922, a C. E. graduate of University of
 Minnesota, received bronze medal in World War II
 Harriet Althea, January 5, 1854 - February 13, 1895, m. April 1882 B. Livingstone
 Mead son of Solomon S. Mead
 children:

Hervey McKay Mead, b. December 24, 1889
 Ezekiel Close, June 4, 1856-May 8, 1924, m. Sept. 22, 1893 Jennie E. Bahr
 children:

Douglass Sargent, b. February 17, 1895, m. August 22, 1924 Mary Bagenstosz
 children:

Douglass Sargent, Jr., b. May 26, 1926, serving in World War II
 trained as range finder, now in Chinese Waters.
 Marjorie Louise, b. December 26, 1928

Grandmother's mother, Althea Palmer, was descended from Henry Palmer of Co. Somerset, England. He was born about 1600 and died 1660. He married at Weathersfield, first Katherine -- and second, Judith --. He came to Greenwich about 1650. The line descends through James, a son of the 2nd wife, as the following table will show:

James Palmer, 1656-1717, landowner and legal voter in 1672; married Sarah (Denham?)

Jonathan, 5th child, 1699-1781, m. Anne Favor, daughter of Alice Favor of Cow Neck (Manhasset) L. I.

Samuel I, 1738-1825, m. Amy Reynolds

Nathaniel, 1769-1826, m. Rachel Marshall (Marchielle), daughter of Isaac Marchielle and Amy Baremore.

Althea Palmer m. Ezekiel Close

Grandma Mead's "Uncle Josephus" Palmer must have been the brother of Althea Palmer. He lived by himself in an old house on the Stanwich Road below Stanwich -- a house after his death torn down to make room for flooding the fields for Colloquum Lake, the Greenwich water supply, now called Putnam Lake. It was in this house, I understand, where Ezekiel and Althea (Palmer) Close lived after their first few years together in the Round Hill house. Grandma used to go over to visit Uncle Joe and sometimes to take care of him when he was sick. One time she was there quite a while and took me with her for company. In that old house I remember the closet for honey bees in the attic; the old parlor with a little melodeon; the general room with a fire place until time for a stove to go up, where neighbors dropped in to talk and where Uncle Joe served us wonderful "pancakes" and other good

things for a meal. I took with me a huge volume of old Youth's Companions and read to my heart's content, old "continued" stories and what not. Uncle Joe said "What do you do with all that reading you are crowding into your brain? It must take up some room". He was a gentle lovable old man, kindly and interesting. I have two tiny Sandwich Glass dishes he gave me which I treasure.

Isaac Marchielle, father of Grandma Mead's grandmother Rachel, was born in Paris, France, came to this country, according to tradition, with the French allies and served with them during the American Revolution. He settled on a farm in Greenwich where he died in 1797. Volume 8 of Stamford Probate Records (1) contains the will of Isaac Marshall, dated 8, April, 1796. Witnesses were Ezra Marshall, Hezekiah Marshall and Ebenezer Mead. The inventory of estate of Isaac Marshall took place 11, June, 1797. The administrator was Henry Marshall. Volume 2 (2) says: June 12, 1824 Nathaniel Palmer was appointed administrator on estate of Amy Marshall, late of Greenwich deceased. Thomas Marshall deeded to Isaac Marshall for 25 - 4 - 5 land in Greenwich above main country road and below a mile and a half line, 6 acres, 5 rods, bounded: W. by highway to Stanwich, N. by land of Joseph Sackett, E. by land of Jesse Hallock, S. by land of Jesse Hallock. Dated 3, August 1770.

- (1) These quotations from the Stamford Probate Records were given me in a letter from Mrs. Jackson Peck of Riversville, Conn.
- (2) It appears as if there might be a mistake in the number of these volumes, since Vol. 2 gives a later date than Vol. 8 or can it be in the dates? I have lost that letter.

The Marshall line runs this way:

Thomas Marshall (a Quaker) b. in England 1610.
John, 1646-1712, m. Sarah Webb (first wife).
Daniel, 1679-1727, m. Abigail Butler.
Thomas, born 1706, m. Deborah Bates (second wife)
Isaac, died 1797, m. Amy Baremore.
Rachel, m. Nathaniel Palmer.
Althea Palmer, m. Ezekiel Reynolds Close.
Emily Close, m. Silas D. Mead.

The Marshall coat of arms is a deer. I should like to know the connection between this Isaac Marshall and the Joseph Marshall, Jr. who sold land in North Greenwich.

Silas Edward Mead, son of Silas D. and Emily (Close) Mead built a house at Nash's Corner, down the hills west of Grandfather's house and across the corner from the Nash's Corner School house. This may have been about 1880. An old house was torn down while the new one was building. I do not know who first lived here, but have wondered if it could have been James Nash, whose name appears in the early school records. The Nash family, Ann and her son and a daughter's child lived, in my Nash's Corner School days, in a small house on the lane below the Calvin Mead Place. This lane has now been opened up for the main entrance to the Calvin Mead place and this old "Nash house" is gone. Across the street from the Silas Mead Corner, near the school ground there was an old foundation for something - I believe we never knew what it had been.

When Father and Mother, Cornelia M. Wilcox, daughter of Josiah Wilcox, were first married they lived in Round Hill in a house owned by Grandma Mead. It was on the road running directly east from the Odle Knapp grocery store toward the Stanwich road. It is a nice little house, fixed up

and still standing, or was until recently. In this house Grandma Mead's parents, Ezekiel Close and Althea Palmer, lived when Grandma was born. Here, too, Grandpa and Grandma Mead began their married life, and here my father was born and I suppose Aunt Tillie, their first child, was too. Here Silas Francis, the 6th Silas in direct line, was born and both Mabel and Louise. After "little Frank's" death we moved into the Silas D. Mead homestead, which was always big enough for the many who came to it.

Uncle Rashe continued the Silas line by naming his first boy Silas Francis, and now Silas Francis has a boy, Silas Edward, born September 22, 1940.

Father never forgot what it was to be a boy and always saw things from the boy's point of view. I came up Greenwich Ave. one day just behind the assessors with Father in the rear, coming out from the Town Building at the noon hour. There was a fresh fall of snow and the school boys were rushing out, catching up handfuls of snow as they ran. I could see Father's signal to the boys to let the snow balls come, and they sent as many as they dared, while Father chuckled. There was always a twinkle in Father's eye that endeared him to everyone. His humor and Aunt Hattie's were like Hervey's which you all know.

There were often rides to "the village" on the big farm wagon, perhaps taking a load of apples down to the boat in Port Chester, shipping them to New York and bringing back a load of feed or coal for the winter's supply, which had to be brought up for both houses. Sometimes the seat was overcrowded for the ride down. "Sile Ed", Aunt Hattie says, "I am sitting on nothing". "Well, hitch over that way then and give me more room". I can hear Mother say "Sile, I wish you would mend that tea kettle." "I can't mend it for you are using it all

the time". "We are not using it now". "Well, it isn't leaking now".

Father was a terrible tease. When we were seated with guests at the supper table and some hot dish was set before him, he would say "How do you want this dished?" just as if it was something wholly unusual. One day when Aunt Hattie had ridden to the station with him, all dressed up to go to New York and was seated in the train, he stepped to the door not dressed in "Sunday clothes" and called, "Hattie". As she looked around he said "You'll know enough to get off when you get to New York, won't you?"

As a school boy in the Academy he would reach to get the long apron string of the girl seated in front of him, put a bent pin in the end and slip it into the heavy hair nets then worn. Then a little twitch of the apron string and the girl would reach around to snatch it from him and down would come net and hair and all, just as he wished. How that blessed father of mine liked old clothes! When working on the farm he used them to his heart's content. He had an old felt hat with the crown full of holes that was a near-disgrace to the family. I think his Aunt Sarah Savage reprimanded him for wearing it, but it could resist wind and rain. One day some woman connected with earlier years was driving through with friends and hunting for anyone she might know. They passed Father working near the road; when they finally found him she said "Oh, we passed you on the road, but you looked so like the old scratch that I didn't know you!" In those days land owners kept their own banks cleared and either took care of sections of road near their own land or perhaps were given concessions to care for by the town. I remember there was much trouble at the foot of the "big hill" for the little stream flowing under could become a raging torrent and eat out great gullies.

When Mr. James P. Kelley, our beloved Greenwich Academy teacher, was visiting in my North Greenwich home one time, he said "When Pa calls Ma 'Nell' you need have no fear of their abusing the young offspring." There was in Father that wonderful combination of strength and tenderness never too common. It made him a lovely nurse at the sick bed.

Father's theory about bringing up children I have heard him say to others was "to give them what they want, but train them to want what they can have." I can hear him saying when asked for advice "Well, what do you think about it?" I do not know how well he thought his theory worked in his own family, but I do know that he consented to some very unreasonable demands. A loving father, counsellor, companion; words cannot fathom the depth of my love and reverence for him. Father expected to live to take care of all the family. All his plans were made to that end. It was a great disappointment to him when his health broke.

Thanks to Aunt Tillie and Mrs. Minor, Father's war letters were preserved. Douglass has recently made a study of them and he gave a talk about them to his Literary Club, in State College. His reports to me on the letters I copy here for you all to enjoy.

"The diary is interesting, but the letters are much more so. I have learned a great deal from them. Most of them are to Aunt Tillie with a few to 'Father', 'Grandfather', 'Mother', 'Cornole', 'Hattie', and 'little Zeke'. They are the outpourings of a poor homesick lad who was going through a disagreeable experience and doing it bravely.

"I have arranged the letters chronologically and they and the diary give his complete itinerary

from his enlistment in August 1862 to his discharge in June 1865. He took part in a phase of the war which few people (except historians) know much about. Apparently the Union forces had toe holds all along the Confederate coast from Virginia to Florida. He describes landing on some of the islands off Charleston in much the same manner as our marines land on the islands of the Pacific today. He describes in detail the monitors -- he was on one. I always thought that there was only one Monitor. He mentions eight monitors at one time being in the Charleston Harbor. In the spring of 1864 he was sent to join the Army of Virginia under General Grant. He did some hard fighting in the Infantry until August 12th when he was detailed to the Ambulance train, which he liked much better.

"Some of his descriptions are really well done. He gives you the feel of standing picket at night, knowing that the rebs are within ear shot and one false move would mean trouble. He gloats over a charge well made. He is quick to blame officers for mistakes. There were very few officers whom he really admired. Naturally he does not know what battle he is in nor how big it is. He describes, too, how they slept and ate. They were practically self supporting in regard to food, and hence every box from home was an event. They sent fruit, cake, pies, and butter -- perishable things that we today would hesitate to send in the mail at all.

"Many of the letters are mere trivia and family chat. But there is the familiar undercurrent of humor that I remember so well. He makes wise cracks at the administration. He joshes the folks at home for what they are doing. 'Zeke must be a great big boy to have boots with red tops'. 'Dear Tillie with the checked gingham dress'. (The girls, he learned, had vowed to wear

gingham for the duration).

"Aunt Tillie was the faithful one in writing to him, and how he adored her. Aunt Nell is mentioned only once and then very casually. But who was Mary Smith? Cale Holmes is mentioned only occasionally and his death not at all. A letter to 'Tillie' urges that someone go to his funeral. The Diary for October 13, 1864 says 'Never heard such a roar of muskets..Sergt. Holmes wounded mortally'."

Douglass in another letter speaks of one or two letters of "vivid battle accounts - one a very narrow escape from serious injury in which he jumped just in time to let a cannon ball pass between his legs". A second diary "gives the exact date on which he was mustered out. He left Richmond on June 21, 1865 and arrived home on the 23rd. 'Got off at Port Chester and waited till Gussy came down with his strawberrys (sic). Home again from a foreign shore. Good. Found Nellie and Alla when I reached home'. Nellie is mentioned only once or twice in all the letters, yet she was waiting for him when he arrived home!"

"Gussie" is of course Gus Palmer, who lived across the street from "home". "Cale Holmes" was a friend whom Father loved very deeply. I have heard him tell of a battle when he was on the ambulance train; picking up the wounded, he turned over a dead body to find it was Cale Holmes! I can hear Father say that he turned sick, and "the boys said 'Let it alone, Mead, let it alone. We'll take care of it'". Cale Holmes was close to his heart. "Mary Smith" was a one time North Greenwich teacher who boarded at Grandma Mead's and was a close and life long friend of the whole family. She married a man named Soule and came with her daughter, Daisy Soule, to visit several times in my memory.

In a later letter Douglass writes "Some of the men of the Club were much impressed, remarking upon the stability and poise of the writer and his rather vivid manner of relating events. One person said that they are far more interesting than many letters which get into print, because here we have a fresh viewpoint of affairs during the war. The main facts are known, but personal reactions to them are always fresh. I passed the diary around and Mr. Lewis, the Librarian, saw Alla Minor's name and was immediately interested. He was from Middletown and knew Mrs. Minor and Georgia. I have copied the list of battles. I am not sure that it is entirely accurate. It is probably a list of the engagements of the 10th Connecticut. It has two entries before Uncle Sile enlisted, and of course, after August 12, 1864, he was no longer with the 10th Connecticut. But it really doesn't matter. Some of the worst days of fighting have no official name. He was under fire almost continuously in Virginia for nearly a month. I got a history from the Library with pictures and maps of places, so that I could follow movements pretty accurately."

Douglass describes some of the letters he read in his lecture to his Club. "I chose, with considerable difficulty, about ten of the letters and read excerpts. I read one which described his first battle in Kinston, N.C.; another describing his visit on board the monitor ship "Montauk" which he inspected from top to bottom. Another described the dreadful night attack on Fort Wagner in Charleston harbor, where the men became confused in the dark and fired into each other; another described the bombs which the Rebels planted to go off when the Union soldiers stepped on them. (They are called 'booby traps' in the present war). Then after he came north to Virginia, I read the one describing the boat ride up the James River and the ensuing battles between Petersburg and Richmond.

The Union forces were often badly defeated, but he says that they didn't want to drive the Rebels out, because if they did they would go to strengthen some other point. It sounds to me like a device to bolster Union morale after defeat. But he had all confidence in Generals Butler and Grant. Then I read one telling about his getting lost in Virginia the day Lee surrendered and he missed being there, and then finally his description of the city of Richmond in which he tells of seeing General and Mrs. Lee and their daughter. He thought Richmond a fine city.

"There are over 200 letters--some months he wrote as many as twelve to the family, to say nothing of those he must have written to other people of which we have no record."

Of my gentle, patient mother I cannot speak too tenderly--an invalid for weeks at a time with a spirit that met reverses and sorrows with high courage. Her theory was "Well, let's do something about it". The night we came home after an order had been given to shoot and bury a beloved Scotch Collie because he had come to resent the school children's teasing, and there was a danger, we three sat around as if at a funeral of our own kind until Mother said "I wish somebody would say something" and Father said "Well, I am glad it is done". Then Father, lover of dogs and of boys and people said "No more dogs". There had been too many tragic losses of pets. He had a love of horses too - "Old Fleet" was his long time friend.

When Mother was much better in health and had a faithful maid, after five years since preparation for college, it came to the limit of time for me to go if ever. Mother was one of three people whom I knew approved of my going. She said to one of my friends later "But see what I am getting out of it!" This was letters, and my new friends, and two or

three visits to Mt. Holyoke. And what letters she wrote! I knew every detail of home life.

When Mother was preparing to join my Feltus home after Father's death, a friend said to me "Don't move an old person, Louise". But Mother wasn't that kind of old person. When we settled in Waterford, N. Y., soon after she joined us, she was readily at home for four reasons:

1. Because the Manse on the Hudson River was a Colonial house with pillars very like her girlhood home in Riversville.
2. Because when we first reached Waterford, George was supplying for a sick friend, Robert S. Wightman, and we used the Manse with their furnishings. In Bob's library was a book "Middletown Upper Houses" which gave Bob's family pedigree and it also gave Mother's pedigree.
3. Because at our first evening affair at the church she met Miss Emma Brewster, who had visited in North Greenwich in the "good old days". She was a friend of Cousin William Lewis Savage's first wife, Sarah E. James, who was none other than the woman from northern New York whom Great Grandfather had thought an outsider. Miss Brewster knew the Savage and Palmer homes, and how excited Mother was to talk with her! It is my impression that Sarah James was in some way connected with the Palmer family, or perhaps boarded there sometimes.
4. Because a class of women in the Sunday School, taught by Mr. Bell, was very like the class at North Greenwich which she attended with Silas D. Mead as teacher. But how keenly she enjoyed the two annual visits "back home" at Thanksgiving time and at Decoration Day time when we made our headquarters in and out through Aunt Jen's widely swinging doors. There, as Mother said "The telephone rings for me as it never does in Waterford".

THE CHURCH IN THE COMMUNITY

The Church was an interesting center of the community life in the early days. There were supper meetings of the Ladies' Beneficent Society in the homes, with tables set sometimes three or four times over to serve the large number attending. And what suppers! Such doughnuts, real New England doughnuts, not the just quickly made crullers with a hole in the middle. The women gathered early to work in the afternoon, quilting, knitting, and sewing. Father learned to knit as a boy, and when the women went out to their early supper at ordinary meetings, he would slip into the "parlor" and reverse the knitting on some of the socks. The big supper meetings in the houses were grand for little folks, for they played hide and seek upstairs. No unlocked door, be it dark closet or back chamber, was free from their hunt. I think today we would say "Those awful children!" These suppers bring to mind a criticism Father used to tell about Conference meetings that were held in different churches of Greenwich. It was said that North Greenwich served such elaborate dinners that other places could not carry on the meetings. Grandpa Mead's reply was that the women could not step out and buy, but had to make their own bread and everything they served, and he did not blame them when they made bread for making good bread.

Sunday school picnics were an annual event of great delight, attended by young and old. Our family used sometimes to drive to the picnic in the big market wagon, with old rush bottom, high backed chairs put in for the comfort of the older

folks instead of the straight backless seats. These picnics were held at Round Island, one of the loveliest of Greenwich shore places. A sea bath and a community dinner with everybody passing something to everybody else was an exciting stimulant. After dinner Grandma Mead would be found down on the beach digging soft shell clams to take home for a family meal. Round Island was close to Cousin Oliver Mead's home, one of Great Grandfather's Deliverance Mead cousins, a son of his daughter Huldah, but never married. Here Deacon Hervey's sister, Sarah, "Aunt Sally", lived with Cousin Oliver and their faithful old servants.

Weekly evening rides to prayer meeting in the houses were a pleasure in the good-weather months. Sometimes there were moonlight rides or rides at dusk across to Round Hill, going through the woods with thrushes singing, or once a month to the Riversville chapel, often stopping for a neighbor or two to ride with us. That lower road to Round Hill, starting at Wright's Corner, was one of my pet roads. It is no longer open to the public. The Wrights lived then in the house on the corner which had been the home of Leander Mead, first child of Calvin Mead and his wife, Anne, daughter of Darius Mead. In the Palmer home with many other beautiful old things were large handsome paintings of "Uncle Leander" and his wife "Aunt Anne". Mr. Carrington bought this Wright place and moved the original house east a bit below the brow of the hill, building a new house near the corner.

At one house meeting someone haplessly moved a chair just as Becky --, a very fat woman was going to sit down, and she sat on the floor. Aunt Hattie was there, and while it wasn't so funny in itself, the minister without one moment's hesitation held up his hands and said, "Let us pray". Aunt Hattie was forced to leave the room to get over hysterics.

The Christmas season brought various get-together meetings of rehearsals, etc. One day was the gathering to trim the church. The men brought great bags of laurel and ground pine. Very heavy laurel ropes were made which were lovely.

When there came hard days financially in the church, various services were given as in the days of building. Father, known all over the countryside as "Sile Ed", acted as sexton, taking care of the church for thirty-seven years. This meant not only fires to keep, but kerosene lamps to clean and floors to sweep. Many a cold winter morning he would walk up the hills, three-quarters of a mile, to start the fires in time to get the room warmed, then come home for a breakfast of "pancakes and sausage" and go up again. After the new church was built with coal for heat, he very often stopped on his way home Saturday from some errand or business in "the village" to start the fires. Perhaps he had been down to get the exact time, for he was very particular to ring the first stroke of the nine o'clock bell exactly on time. People for miles around set their clocks by the stroke of that bell. Sometimes the second bell might give a stroke or two extra at ten thirty, the last stroke being the signal for beginning service, if he hadn't seen organist and a singer or two drive in. Arguments of great moment took place in the horse sheds where the men waited for that last stroke of the bell. Comparing time pieces was a favorite topic, arguing down to the exact second, when Jared Peck would settle the discussion by saying "Well, mine ain't more than five minutes out the way either way."

Father's sense of humor produced many a pleasantry. One cold raw spring morning he found it very difficult to bring the thermometer up to the mark that would avoid complaint. After the service Mrs. Odle Knapp told him she thought the

room was cold. With a twinkle in his eye (I know there was a twinkle in his eye), he said "I see you have left off your winter furs" which she readily admitted was the reason for her discomfort.

When a small pipe organ was installed in the old church, and later when an organ was procured for the new church, William Henry Mead gave a long faithful service pumping the organ for two services Sunday after Sunday and often for a choir rehearsal during the week. When the church burned, somebody said "Well, Bill Hen, you are out of a job" and with a very characteristic laugh he replied "Yes, but the pay goes on just the same".

Russell Jones, Mr. Fairchild's "good man Friday", continued the volunteer service, taking care of the church when Father was no longer able, and often pumping the organ. He was very fond of my father and when questioned why he was giving such services, he told us afterwards "I tells 'em I does it for the love of God and of Mr. Mead".

Services of music were of course always given and still are given. Carrie Ferris from Round Hill must be mentioned for long faithful service as organist. It was a faithful choir that gathered Saturday nights week after week, in winter in the houses, and after the pipe organ was installed, in the church in the warm weather season. If there was no one to pump, the men of the choir took turns and sometimes the women pumped a bit while the men practiced their parts.

On the "Amen seats" way up in the front corners facing the pulpit, Isabelle and Eliza sat. They were Irish women of the fine old type, walking a mile or more from "over west" always with a beautiful steeple top bouquet tied very tightly, which they would place on the table before taking their seats. They made a picture to remember

lovingly as they hurried in a bit late, Isabelle round and gentle, always wearing a very large hoop skirt, and Eliza, tall and angular and competent. True examples were they of church loyalty and devotion which it does us good to remember.

There is another story, which I would not forget, of an old colored woman who used to walk to church from the White Plains road. One time when she had not been in a long time, Aunt Cornele and Aunt Hattie met her on the road and stopped to ask her about herself. She said "Oh Lor", Miss, I got the kidney 'plaint, the liver 'plaint, and other 'plaints hanging on.

In November or December of 1890 a Christian Endeavor Society was organized, an unusual group giving very active help to the church. The Rev. Levi Rodgers had come about a month before for his long pastorate, and he gave important help to the society in its organization and development. I must pay this tribute to him here, though I am obliged in this letter to avoid mention of individual people other than our own line. He was a man well informed on things that count, a Bible student of great intelligence, giving us through the years interpretations which were broad and vital.

THE OLD CHURCH BURNS

Very vivid to me is the morning of December 15, 1895 (with the Christmas season approaching), when we were driving to church on Sunday morning. As we drove up the big hill in the "old ark" we saw heavy black smoke pouring up from the vicinity of the church. What had happened to Father? Why didn't Uncle Zeke hurry the horses? He told me afterwards he was hurrying them to their limit. That was a hill of character in those days, not the flattened out slope of today. I can see now the church wrapped in flames with people gathering from four directions. No reason was ever found for the fire, which broke out in the northeast gallery corner. The only possible suggestion Father could make was that a rat might have carried a match.

And there was nothing to do but watch it burn. Many were crying as if at a funeral. As we stood together helplessly watching the flames finish their work, we realized how deeply the church was a part of our very being. Before separating, at a suggestion from N. A. Knapp one of the leading Christian Endeavor members, there was a meeting at the parsonage, with a service of prayer and singing. We knew in our hearts that morning that the church would go on as we sang together.

"I love Thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand."

A Christian Endeavor meeting was held that evening in the parsonage. Sunday services were held for a time, perhaps two Sundays, in the Savage house until the Old Academy was made ready. I recall sitting up until late hours with Aunt Cornele, making ready some red curtains for the first morning service in the Academy to brighten the drabness of our first meeting there. After two years of sacrificial giving and the exhausting work of collecting, the new church became a finished reality, and it was dedicated February 10, 1897.

FAMILY LIFE EARLY AND LATE

Following the example of Cousin Kate North in her History of Berlin, Conn. "In treating this subject I shall take the liberty of going backward or forward or sideways at my pleasure."

It was a lovely home life at Grandpa Mead's. Aunt Tillie had married and left home while I was still a baby in Round Hill, but she lived in New Rochelle and there were visits back and forth. There was something of indescribable beauty in a character like Aunt Tillie's, which could hold the love and adoration of her younger brothers and sisters for all time as she did. I shall never forget the silent greeting of love and sorrow, when Aunt Tillie arrived the day of Grandpa Mead's accident and death, as Father opened the side door where the family loved to enter, with the word that Grandpa had gone. The great soul had finished its sojourn here. Grandpa had gone out early that morning for his customary walk among his cattle and a bull turned on him. In Aunt Tillie the same depth of understanding was shown in her very live companionship with her five step children and her three own children.

Thanksgiving Day gatherings when Aunt Tillie, Uncle Livingstone Disbrow, and the three children drove up from their home in New Rochelle were red letter days indeed. Special old cups and saucers which made coffee never so good, various old lustre ware pieces with old, old plates, a huge blue and white platter big enough for the biggest turkey ever, pieces of old pewter -- things we loved -- were used up to the very last Thanksgiving dinner

together in Aunt Jen's home in 1937.

My part of the family met every alternate year in the Wilcox homestead as long as Grandpa Wilcox lived. After his death in 1883 his five children took turns for these every-other-year dinners, each home having it once in ten years. Aunt Carrie's was always in the homestead where she lived. The last time this family met in Mother's home was in 1914 after we had moved to Greenwich and thirty-four sat down together with four Wilcox generations represented. I think the Wilcoxes met but once after that, in 1916 in Uncle George's home opposite the homestead. After that my family met always with the Meads. But even after a Wilcox dinner we Meads always stopped at Grandpa Mead's on the way home for a visit with the Disbrows and for Aunt Cornele's light supper topped with chocolate cake and lemon jelly. It was she who started that custom for us. I remember one dinner when Louise --, a rather young Louise -- passed up her plate for some more of the "close-in." Everybody had a good laugh -- except Louise. Thanksgiving Service was attended in the North Greenwich Church in the morning, whether we went to dinner in Riversville, Port Chester at Uncle Joe Wilcox's, or at Grandpa Mead's.

There were many enchantments for two little girls, Mabel 'n Louise, at Grandpa Mead's home. There was the supper of Graham mush and milk, in high chairs at the high pine kitchen table, then rushing out with clean straws in hand to suck the fresh warm milk just milked into the pails. Are you shocked? How exciting it was when the big angry gobble turkey chased us every time we went into the back yard. It was a safe feeling to get inside the picket fence between the back yard and the house yard, with a gate shut between. We had to watch our step as long as that turkey ruled in the back yard.

Aunt Cornele and Aunt Hattie knew how to please little girls. Sometimes it was a ride to Tarrytown to renew acquaintance with Ichabod Crane or to show some guest the grave of Washington Irving in the big Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Perhaps it was spending the day at a Quarterly Meeting in the Purchase Meeting House near Rye Lake, which was a lovely experience. At noon we ate our own lunch out in the old, old cemetery. A year or more ago I went to the beautiful Quaker Meeting House in Atlantic City, a lovely service giving one quietness and confidence in spite of a warring world. The room seemed flooded with memories for me. Again it might be a trip to Greenwich for a visit with "Aunt Sallie" in the house near Round Island, an old, old house of mysterious interest. Here were old dolls with china heads, wearing stately dresses with very full skirts. And here there was time for Aunt Cornele and Aunt Hattie to make new dresses for our own dolls. And here there was salt water bathing. There was an octagon summer house with latticed sides, and opposite doors connected on each side by seats. It was out in the big, big garden of never ceasing allurements. Surely no occupant today can find there the thrill that Mabel 'n Louise found.

A never diminishing joy was a ride down to Aunt Tillie's with Grandma Mead or Aunt Cornele and the horse "Mollie". Sometimes there were trips to New York City to do our "shopping" and we carried long lists. I can remember when the day would be spent in Fourteenth St. Then the fascinating center moved up to Twenty-third St. It is still going up, but where, oh, where is the easy shopping center?

Aunt Cornele and Aunt Hattie told us one summer that we could have a birthday party on Mabel's birthday in September. Nothing more was said but at the appointed time children began to

gather and light dawned on the aunts. But they never let us down. At the proper time, after games out of doors, home made ice cream and cake appeared, enough for all. This had meant a busy afternoon inside the house, with a trip "over the way" with a wheel barrow to get ice at the Palmer's ice house always open to us, to freeze the ice cream which was freshly made, with fresh baked cakes.

Grandma's attic with a lovely attic small was full of trunks and boxes and chests, with herbs hung up to dry, and high post bedsteads topped with extra feather beds. The trunks and chests held old fashioned dresses and hoop skirts, and in the boxes were poke bonnets. What fun to spend an afternoon in the attic! When the family moved, there were things from six generations. Hervey, who helped in the clearing out, said he'd have no closets in his house.

And do you remember that sitting room book-closet, close to the bay window, that wonderful place for play? That closet door was one of the nine doors of the sitting room. The closet floor had room for a doll carriage and a bedstead, dolls and books and tops, blocks and jack stones and a "ped board". When Hervey and Douglass came into possession, marbles and kites and dog collars were added, and oh! just everything! The peg boards (solitaire) Uncle Zeke made for us - made them out in "the shop" at the western end of the barns, where there was a long center table and work tables at the windows and tools and fascinating things. Above the shop was the granary and overhead the place for the pigeons, which sometimes had to give themselves up for a pigeon pie.

Evenings in the fall a glorious fire blazed on the hearth in the sitting room. A big basket of cobs was ready to keep it glowing. What things you could build with cobs! Roast apples, pop corn --

lots of fun for fall nights!

One day Mabel 'n Louise were playing with the big grind stone under the never-so-big crabapple tree in the back yard when Father called to us to go into the house. Turning the grind stone wheel was much too fascinating, and even a second call brought no response. Then Father called "Go into the house, I tell you", and Louise was overheard to say "Come on, Mabel, he means it now". The other day I heard a very little girl reply to her mother when told to do something, "What's the big idea?" What's the connection here? There really is none, but I wondered if this represents progress in American childhood.

Sometimes an organ grinder with a monkey who grabbed up pennies was an excitement. Or again it might be the "old leather man" was going by. He was a man of mystery who dressed completely in leather and walked his beat year after year. He covered our part of Connecticut and Westchester Co. He seldom spoke to any one. There were a few places where he stopped to get milk perhaps or sometimes something to eat. He was a Frenchman and spoke little English. The story was that he had been disappointed in his girl many years before and took up this strange and solitary life. He slept in caves in the woods, and men would sometimes follow him and talk with him.

Every other year Mabel 'n Louise went to the George Taylor home to get measured for the wonderful cow hide shoes he made for children. An old pair and a new pair kept all rightly clothed children ready for school.

There were election parades when Mabel 'n Louise were taken to Greenwich with the excitement of a night ride and a parade with torches and uniforms and bands. If we could catch a glimpse of

Father in the parade in his uniform and hat, it was something. "There he is -- I see him -- there he is!" But if Father saw us and waved, it was joy unconfined. I remember the year when "Soap, soap, St. John's no hope" was a marching song.

Decoration Day mornings there were flowers to fix for all the soldiers' graves up country. We sat on Grandma's front porch and made daisy chains or wreaths of whatever flowers the day provided, or large bunches of flowers. Father knew just how many there must be when he started out to visit the cross roads graves. Sometimes a grass-grown grave off in a lot somewhere must be refound. Some of the graves he visited on his way to Greenwich. There was an early afternoon service, and after it the G.A.R. marching with the band to the various Greenwich cemeteries, and then to Sound Beach (now returned to its original name of Old Greenwich). A collation was provided for the soldiers in Old Greenwich before Father returned home, his long day ended -- the day of all the year he loved best. Father loved this Decoration Day story. One time in the Greenwich Decoration Day service, which was attended by a large crowd in those days, a child was crying. The moderator of the day interrupted the speaker, who was an army man, to ask to have the child removed. "No, no" said the speaker, "it is only the rattle of infantry."

Aunt Cornele always knew how to fix things just right. When her plate at the table was ready with the baked potato mashed and buttered and everything else salted and buttered just right, a brother's hand from one side or the other would reach over and take her plate, slipping his own not yet fixed into its place. She kept a dish of shining apples in the sitting room and cracked walnuts in the square blue and white dish, do you remember? No one else ever fixed nuts with so many meats and so few shells.

Aunt Cornele played and sang in the church for many years, seldom if ever missing a Sunday. It hurt Grandpa much to have her away. One of the former ministers used to say she had the sweetest voice he had ever heard. When a pipe organ was installed she slipped quietly out from her place and let others play, but still used her voice in song as long as her health permitted.

Aunt Cornele, Uncle Rashe, Aunt Hattie and Uncle Zeke made a lovely quartette, often singing together Sunday afternoons. I can remember evenings when some men of the neighborhood came in with their "fiddles" and Grandpa Mead used his "base viol" and Aunt Cornele accompanied on the piano. Many, many times the choir rehearsals were held here on Saturday nights.

Uncle Rashe was the high ideal of my little girlhood. When Sundays came and he came home with us from church for the day, it was the crown of all days. He worked at the Knapp's store in Round Hill during the week. He knew just how to please a little girl with a loan of a jack knife or some other joy. In later years it was coming home from South Dakota, where he went with Charlie Knapp to take up a claim of land. Infrequent visits those were and heights of delight. For Grandpa and Grandma's golden wedding day, Sept. 22, 1890, Uncle Rashe and Aunt Lora, married May 20th of that year, came, which made it a gloriously happy season for us all. How Aunt Lora worked making beautiful cakes for the great occasion. In later years they came again to visit with their four children, Margaret, Silas Francis, Howard and Elizabeth, when Elizabeth was three, the cutest of little youngsters merrily singing "Scatter the Sunshine."

Aunt Hattie was fun. When you were shelling peas with her she would jump up leaving two or three pods, saying "Let's leave those so we'll get

through before we thought we would." Serving in the choir in the back gallery, when she stood up to sing one time she saw Mother down below with her hat on hind side before. This was just too much and she had to sit down to laugh it out. There was a visiting minister that Sunday with a bald head. He insisted that she was laughing at him and never would be comforted.

When she was teaching in the Nash's Corner School there was once an awful feud between the two groups of girls. One noon when it got very hot, one side went in to tell teacher all about it. Later that noon the other side too poured out the story to teacher. Nothing was said, but when school opened, on the big black board running between the windows on the south side of the room were these words "Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving each other even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." And nothing more was ever said. The feud was over. Aunt Hattie was constantly doing something for somebody all her life long. One time when Georgia Minor and one or two other girls were visiting me, we were staying all night at Aunt Hattie's up in the Sands house, where you remember she and Uncle Lev lived when first married. As we were dressing in the morning she called up that the first one who got downstairs could have a ride to Tarrytown. In a few minutes she called again that the second one down could go too. Of course we all went. Aunt Hattie and Uncle Lev went out to Dakota for a time to live on Uncle Rashe's land while he took other work and moved into town. Hervey was born out there. Even there, out on the ranch, Aunt Hattie found ways to help nearest neighbors, sometimes not very near at that.

In the summer of 1893 I went to the World's Fair in Chicago with Georgia Minor. That celebration occurred a year late, you must be told, for

some of you can't remember. From Chicago I went on to Armour for a visit with Uncle Rashe. Aunt Hattie and Hervey, about three years old, came home with me. Being World's Fair time, Chicago was crowded to its limits and it was difficult to make our way to change cars. We had to carry Hervey across the shoulder or he would have been smashed. But Hervey could never be overpowered. We must have passed a peanut stand, for he held his little fist full of peanuts grabbed fast and tight. He was unawed and irrepressible as a traveller. I wanted to get his reaction at Niagara Falls and said "How do you like it, Hervey?" He said "I like it all wight, Wese, how do you like it?"

Uncle Zeke was always asked to fill up the chinks. He did all the little carpenter jobs, the garden, and what not. Father, who hated to fix things, would say as he started out for the heavier farm work or his town work, "Zeke will be down and fix it." Father loved town affairs and men. He was many years one of the Board of Assessors and was on the School Board. I've ridden all over the country roads with Father as he delivered the school books, roads now overpowered by the Merritt Highway.

Uncle Zeke was clerk of the church for forty years -- a faithful service of love. He sang in the choir until his sufferings from tic douloureux kept him home from everything. A brave sufferer! I've seen him holding his face in intense pain and turn around as soon as possible to say something to make Grandma laugh. He loved the church and its great hymns and great teachings. I can hear the ring in his voice when he exclaimed in our conversation one day "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." He loved to recite that stimulating poem by Edgar Guest:

"Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't" but he'd be the one
Who wouldn't say no till he tried,
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one
The dangers that wait to assail you!
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done" and you'll do it." (1)

Great Aunt Sarah Savage liked to have little folks come in to see her. There was a certain closet door we watched carefully. It opened into the sitting room. And Aunt Sarah never failed in due time to open the door and bring out the looked for big pail of cookies -- round very, very thin sugar cookies with a hole in the middle, always a hole in the middle; cookies made with cupfuls over full of butter. Harriet and I keep the receipt for those cookies. And Aunt Sarah had another pail that held raisin cake or perhaps "election" cake. If you don't all know "election" cake, it is just too bad. I have the receipt for it too, but I cannot make it. Upstairs in Aunt Sarah's house there were four large square bedrooms with the hall running between over the downstairs hall. Then there was a very long narrow back hall running toward the west, with bedrooms on each side - six bedrooms I would say. But the hall was the Mecca for there was a rocking horse. What joy when Aunt Sarah took us up there!

(1) Edgar Guest

Aunt Sarah and Great Grandfather always hurried out of church. They would not tarry to let conversation dull the inspiration of the service. Jo Savage made summer visits always at her grandmother's. And we visited back and forth together, keeping up a close acquaintance through many years. She married Farnham Fox and lives in Stratford. There is one son, Clifford, now married. Cousin William Lewis' second wife was Ella Stickles, whom he married on April 5, 1883 and who readily became one of the family. The daughter Marion, Mrs. Stansfield, also is living. Aunt Sarah left no will unfortunately and her things went through the auctioneer's hands. It was a time when that section was searched for antiques and crowds came as it was widely known that there were many old things. It was interesting but sad. The old blue and white china was sold piece by piece and I saw a Royal Baking Powder plate go for \$10. I was bidding on some Hitchcock Chairs for the father-in-law of my cousin, Lilian Wilcox Mills, who could not stay until the chairs were put up. An old Irish woman who was fond of Father came to me quietly and whispered "You know, you are paying an awful lot for those old things. You can go to the store and get new ones much cheaper."

There were many summer visitors in the two houses. This meant driving to the station and other pleasure riding. Memorable visits were when the Chamberlain family came. Dr. Jacob Chamberlain and Cousin Charlotte were missionaries of the Dutch Reformed Board, living in Southern India and came once or twice in the summers when on furlough, or the boys when in this country for study. I recall one summer when there were four very active sons with them, and a patient little boy in a wheel chair who did not live to grow up. The youngest son, Charles, may have been with them too, but I do not remember him. They used to visit also at the Knapps in Round Hill and at Aunt Tillie's in

New Rochelle. Very fine contacts! Dr. William Chamberlain, the 2nd son, after he resigned from the work in India, became the Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America. He used sometimes to come to Greenwich to preach as a supply and we had the pleasure of entertaining him there after we moved to Greenwich -- a great privilege for us. When asked whether it was Dr. or Mr. Chamberlain, he replied "Good old Anglo Saxon mister is good enough for me." The other sons were Chester, 1st son, Lewis 3rd son, and Rufus, Arthur and Charles. Cousin Charlotte's name before her marriage was Birge. Her mother, Hannah Close, born November 19, 1801, daughter of Odle Close II and Hannah Brush, married the Rev. Lewis Mead, February 1, 1826, who died shortly after the marriage; the very same "Hannah Close of Stanwich, wife of Lewis Mead" whom great Grandfather, Deacon Hervey, mentions as one of the "eighteen charter members of the church" in North Greenwich. She later married the Rev. Chester Birge and named her son Lewis Mead Birge. Her other children were Charlotte and Anna. Cousin Anna Birge used to spend a good deal of time with Aunt Tillie in New Rochelle to the pleasure of all the family, who were very fond of her. This Mother of Cousin Charlotte's was own cousin of Grandma Mead's father Ezekiel Close, and a sister of Odle Knapp's mother Elizabeth Close who married Nathaniel Knapp of Round Hill.

Odle Knapp's second wife was Eunice Brown, the mother of Nathaniel Augustus mentioned in connection with the church. "Gus" Knapp married Louise Gilmore, sister of Jessie Gilmore who was the wife of Rev. Levi Rodgers. These two sisters were the strength of the Sunday School for many years. Louise teaching a class for young men and Jessie in the Primary Department.

Odle Knapp's brother Augustus was the father

of Augustus who married Clara Banks of Riversville, daughter of Aunt Carrie Wilcox Banks.

Now to return to the Chamberlains:

Lewis Chamberlain, 3rd son, was a missionary located in Southern India. After his retirement in 1915 he worked in America as recording secretary of the American Bible Society from which he resigned in 1935. He was made Secretary of the John Milton Society for the Blind in 1928. He was also a prolific writer, editor and author.

Through many years the U.S. mail came to the Post Office in Odle Knapp's store in Round Hill. Then it came over to Quaker Ridge by any one who happened to be coming and was left at Aunt Sarah Savage's unless the bearer happened to be going further west and could leave it at the Silas D. Mead home. A walk up to Grandma's or up to Aunt Sarah's for the mail might be in order. Sometimes it might just wait in Round Hill until some one went over purposely for it. There was once in a while a day when we would not get it.

Wellie Palmer used to come over to Grandpa's for the mail and say "Has the mail come and there wasn't any?" There was always a laugh when Wellie came around. One always knew where he was, for he made himself heard, gay and lovable. One day he came in with patched trousers on and pointed to each leg, saying "I used to have a pair like that, and I used to have a pair like this, and I don't know which pair I have on."

Later a U.S. Mail route came from Port Chester, making me change my address from Connecticut to New York State. It was hard to make college friends understand that I had not moved. Then news travelled outside the bunch of mail as well as in it. One day the "mail man" gave me our mail and

said "Your aunt had a card from George Banks. He is coming home soon." George was out west and had not been heard from in some time. When the rural deliveries first started, the carriers were allowed to carry flowers, once a week, free of charge to the railroad station, and the New York and New Haven R.R. took them free of charge to the Grand Central in New York. Here the Flower Mission picked them up for distribution among those who never saw growing flowers. The Palmer boys brought me great bunches each week which I kept in water overnight, sending them the next morning.

These were the days before telephones came to the country. Few country homes had telephones when we moved to Greenwich in 1910. They were too expensive. A friend of Aunt Cornele's, Ellen Mead from Ohio, granddaughter of Luther Mead, was visiting with her husband, Caleb Healy, one summer. He was interested in telephones and said he could stretch a wire between the two houses to give good service. It was done very simply--a fine copper wire stretched very taut from pole to pole for the quarter of a mile. It entered the houses through isinglass in a wooden cup. The wire was tied in a knot to hold it tight inside.

Mr. Healy gave us lessons on calling up the other house. We would say "Hello" and he would say "Make a more prolonged sound on it like this 'hello-o-o-o-o'". This became a by-word when one side or the other needed prodding. The venture worked very splendidly and we could even hear each other's clocks ticking when the air was just right. One day Mr. Fluellen, who lived in the Carpenter house, came in to tell us (at the corner) that the cattle were in his corn. Aunt Hattie was in the house at the time and said she would telephone up and the men would be right down. Mr. Fluellen was very skeptical but stopped a few moments to talk. Very soon Aunt Hattie said, "There are the men now."

Mr. Fluellen in amazement said "Well, I wouldn't want to live at the other end of that Gol dumb thing." Another story involving Aunt Cornele is that some friend at our house wanted to try the new plaything. When she went to the wall after our "Hello" had brought an answer she shouted with all the power of her lungs. Then she muttered to us "I feel like a fool talking to a hole in the wall!" Then a voice from out of the wall answered, "You holler like one."

A thing of undying interest to me is the day when there was a total eclipse of the sun in the early afternoon. I do not know that date, but it can be found no doubt. It was when I was older. I happened to be out in the back yard at Grandpa Mead's watching, and I saw the geese off in the lots back of the barn marching down single file, according to custom, coming home for bed as dark was coming. Just as they reached the carriage house ready to go to their sleeping quarters at the barn, daylight appeared brighter and brighter, breaking into bright light of day. You never saw such surprise and lack of poise, such foolish actions and frustration. I learned then why we say "Don't be a goose; you act like a goose; you silly goose."

After many years of mostly grand good health for the Silas Mead families, there came years of long borne sufferings and wasting sicknesses. These years intensified the loving family devotion one to another.

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

January 14, 1903 brought the seventy-fifth anniversary of the church, the date a little delayed beyond the Christmas season where it belonged. A newspaper account is all the record I have of that meeting, but the choir will never forget the work they put in beforehand. Time and time again they met for practice. To this day the anthem "The Works of the Lord are Great" sings itself to those still living.

The newspaper account gives a reporter's addition - that the church was not very far from "one of the oldest landmarks of Greenwich -- of great historical importance." It goes on to speak of an old mill where Washington and his guards had many important councils, and where scouts reported important news. I asked Grandma about that, I remember, and she said it was no part of North Greenwich that she ever heard about. Julia Mead consulted a man well up on Greenwich history and he said he thought that Washington never passed through Greenwich but once and that was on the Post Road.

The day of the 75th was as forbidding as the day of the 50th was inviting. A bad storm had left the roads almost impassable with ice. In spite of icy roads a large attendance gathered by the time of the noonday collation in the Academy. William Edward Mead came from Brooklyn, bringing his pastor, the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman of the Central Congregational Church for the address of the afternoon. My impression was that one of the

church men in Round Hill, Mr. B. Frank Finney, went to the station for them in his automobile but Douglass remembers that "Mosier's best cab fitted up with mirror and hair brush" brought them up. Mr. Finney was the husband of Clara Brown and lived in the Brown homestead in Round Hill, one of the strong homes of the church. Anyway Mr. Finney had offered his car. Clara's car now carries a load Sunday after Sunday from Greenwich to the North Greenwich church. The plan for the auto was made and it is worth noting here that autos at that time could not travel on ice. They were not too common anyway.

Only six years before this, in 1897, Uncle Zeke was visiting Aunt Cornele in a Brooklyn hospital and a nurse said to him "There comes one of those things they call an automobile. It is worth your while to come to the window and see it." We used to rush to Grandma's bedroom window if anyone called out "There's an auto trying to get up the hill." More often than not it would have to turn back down and go the other way. We can all recall autos stalled all along the roads fixing tires. One day a man and his sister came to the door at the S. E. Mead home. They had come from Cos Cob and had been all day getting a car to Armonk and down toward our house until it refused to move entirely. The man at the door exclaimed, "For God's sake what country are we in?" You never saw a woman more forlorn. We gave them tea and Father harnessed the horses and took them to Cos Cob. In his excitement the man took Father's overcoat instead of his own, so Father had to make another trip down to get his coat.

But this was a golden period after the Cuban War when we were saying "There can never be war any more. We have learned to arbitrate!"

I will add right here that to some Brooklyn

hospital was where any of our family went for operative work because of Dr. Joel Hyde, a surgeon and beloved family friend, who started his work as a doctor in North Greenwich and boarded at Aunt Sarah Savage's. He was a Lieutenant in the 29th Connecticut (colored) Regt. in the Civil War.

THE EXODUS

As I look back to my girlhood and visualize the church Sunday after Sunday with grey haired heads of families in the end seats of their pews, I know that they were an outstanding group of people - people who dared to be themselves, dared to be different, a people of high standards and interesting individual foibles. The world seemed then a very safe place for democracy. I remember Sunday School teachers and leaders of the women's work - characters that should not be lost from the church history, towers of strength never replaced, though others came to fill places of their own. I wish younger people of these families would write up these histories while there is still some one to ask.

With the coming of the automobile with its wave of desire for country homes, there came sad days for the church, for family after family sold their places and moved away. We watched them go with aching hearts. When it looked as if the church could not go on under such losses, Grandmother Mead said "Well, if it is the Lord's will and He wants it to go on He will find a way to take care of it."

I picture a Sunday School class of boys of different ages, grown suddenly from the merging of different classes affected by the exodus. One Sunday morning stands out with interest. A German boy from a group of tree surgeons was brought by one of the boys to the class, a young man who had never in his life attended a Christian church and had never before heard the story of Jesus Christ.

So far as I know none of the boys ever heard from him again.

The boys from the church went out into all kinds of work -- a surgeon, a doctor, a dentist, two or three bankers, a railroad man, a college professor, a farmer, directors and specialists of various kinds. Best of all, those who did not become specialists did their work with such spirit and thought as to win generous and constant public praise. Miss Julia Bell, a beloved Greenwich Academy teacher of mine and a friend of long standing, said, after so many of our boys settled in Greenwich, that the North Greenwich boys had all made good. And elsewhere than in Greenwich they were and are still making good today.

In 1910 we too made the change when Father and Uncle Zeke sold their land and both families moved to Greenwich. However scattered the North Greenwich Church people are, there is a bond that holds them today like one big family. Whenever, wherever we meet some spark is lighted. In varied experiences in church work since those days, I have found no nobler, braver groups, no more consecrated workers, no more faithful families, or dearer, truer friends. I am deeply thankful today for my bringing up in a community of country people where I learned to appreciate real values in folks. In this family record I have been obliged to refrain from mentioning any of the many other names vital in the history of church and community. "And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthah; of David also, and Samuel and of the prophets; who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises...out of weakness were made strong." Hebrews 11, 32

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION DECEMBER 11, 1932

The church carried on through all the changes, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers bravely meeting these serious years. And it still lives today to give its message. Removal of the old horse sheds in February was the physical feature of this year. The program for the day of the 105th anniversary, December 11, 1932, reads:

Dedication

To the loyal thirteen who by courageous effort over a century ago founded this church, we dedicate this program.

At this service a tablet was unveiled which reads as follows:

To the Memory of
Deacon Silas Hervey Mead
An organizer of this Church
and in Honor of
His Descendants
Who have given devoted service
During the Century
1827-1927

The following service of dedication was held during the meeting:

Minister - To the memory of Deacon Silas Hervey Mead, an organizer of this church and in honor of his descendants who have given devoted service during the century 1827-1927.

- People - We dedicate this tablet.
- Minister - Out of deep appreciation for this consecration in service and loyalty to the truth.
- People - We dedicate this tablet.
- Minister - For the inspiration of every one who worships in this House of Prayer.
- People - We dedicate this tablet.
- Minister - That the coming generations, by looking upon the names of those who so nobly served and are serving their Lord and Master, may likewise feel the urge of the Christian life upon them.
- People - We dedicate this tablet.
- Minister - To Christ, the Son of God, the only begotten of the Father, Head of the Body, which is the Church: Head over all things to the Church, Prophet, Priest, and King of His People.
- People - We dedicate this tablet.
- Unison - We now, the people of this church and congregation, compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, grateful for our heritage, remembering the sacrifices of the fathers, confessing that apart from us their work cannot be made perfect, do dedicate ourselves anew to the discipleship of Jesus Christ and to the constant service of God in the Christian service of men.

It is my happy privilege here to record a deep seated appreciation to those who, led by Sarah E. Close, planned and executed this beautiful tribute to our family as a part of the church.

Another thing of vital interest on that program of December 11, 1932 is a list of the five members of the church who went out to serve as missionaries. Grandmother Mead many times talked to me about them. In 1836 the Rev. Horton O. Knapp

(born March 21, 1813) and his wife Charlotte Close, sister of Isaac Close, born May 26, 1813 both born in Greenwich, went to Honolulu ("the Sandwich Islands"). They were married, Grandma thought, in the North Greenwich Church. To Hawaii, also, in 1842 went Mrs. Millicent Knapp Smith, born in Greenwich in 1816, a sister of Horton O. Knapp, and her husband, Dr. James Smith, a member of the Stanwich Church. They were married in the North Greenwich church April 18, 1842, and Mrs. Smith kept her membership there as long as she lived. She and her husband died on the island of Kiloa where they worked, and are doubtless buried there. In 1853 Miss Abigail Peck went into Western New York to work among the Tuscarora Indians. I have in use a heavily beaded blue velvet mat made by those Indians, which Mother bought there when she and Father one time visited Miss Peck. In 1869 Emily Cornelia Mead went to teach in a colored school in Virginia as one of the group of missionary teachers going down from the North. At that period following the Civil War, white people were socially ostracized in the South if they had anything to do with the colored people. These five names were announced by Mrs. Ezekiel Mead in a presentation at this anniversary meeting of a tiny missionary service flag containing the five stars, which still hangs in the church.

There was another missionary to Honolulu who was at one time connected with the North Greenwich church, Grandma used to tell me, but he went out from his home church in Danbury, Conn. He was Amos Cooke. His sister, Sarah Cooke of Danbury, was the second wife of Chauncey Wilcox, first pastor of the North Greenwich church. Aunt Sarah Cooke Wilcox and her daughter, Cousin Katie, visited us many times in our North Greenwich home. Cousin Katie was invited to Honolulu to make a long visit in the home of "Old Mother Cooke", wife of her Uncle Amos Cooke. This was before pleasure

travel was so common as it has become. Mother's family note book reads "At this time her Uncle Amos Cooke had died. He with her aunt had left their home in Danbury a great many years before to go as missionaries to the Sandwich Islands." Cousin Katie's letters and talks and pictures about this trip were of great interest to us.

I am not clear on the dates of Amos Cooke and his wife in Hawaii. In Honolulu I bought a large book published for the Centennial Anniversary of the Mission Board in Hawaii. It had the pictures of all these missionaries, dates, and other material which I want very much to look over now. In my anxiety to preserve it safely for the North Greenwich Church, I placed it somewhere in Greenwich and now cannot find it anywhere - Library, Bruce Museum, Greenwich Historical Society. If George were living he would remember. In the week George and I spent in Honolulu in 1931, starting on our round-the-world trip, Mr. Schenck, Field Secretary of the Hawaiian Mission Board, and his wife took us for a delightful call on Mrs. Cooke, then over eighty.

Mrs. Schenck told us that in early days there was no place for ship captains to stay, and they were entertained in the Cooke home. When they asked what they could do for her, Mrs. Cooke replied "Bring us seeds." So seeds came with the ship captains. As the women rode back and forth to see each other when their husbands attended meetings, they scattered seeds. This changed the bleak waste, which was Hawaii, into the heavenly garden of beauty it is today. Far seeing women! There are said to be now over 1000 varieties of Hibiscus. Lantana flourishes in countless colors and the people hate it as a pest. Its beauty is breathtaking.

After Horton O. Knapp's death, Charlotte

Close Knapp married the Rev. Daniel Dole. His son, Sanford B. Dole, as a student in the United States, spent summers with Isaac Close (a Lieutenant of Co. I 10th Conn.) who was a brother of Charlotte Close Dole, and attended church affairs with Mr. and Mrs. Close. I can hear Grandmother's voice many times saying "And Sanford Dole said that she" (speaking of his stepmother Charlotte Close Knapp Dole) "was the only mother he ever knew." When Sanford Dole became the President of the Republic of Hawaii and then the 1st Governor of the Territory, pictures of him as a young student were brought out in Aunt Cornele's album. Mrs. Schenck spoke to me of the fortunes which came to the Cookes and the Doles in their efforts to help the native people by starting the culture of pine-apples, sugar, etc. She said their wealth was poured back lavishly for the good of the Islanders in every way.

George and I attended the Royal Hawaiian Church, called "the Westminster of the Pacific." Here monarchs had worshipped, their pews boxed off on a raised platform in the back of the church. The service, a union service, was in the Hawaiian tongue. Knowing that each vowel is sounded, George could sing the hymns right along with the congregation, knowing both the tunes and the meaning, as he sang unknown words. In the burial ground of this church I found the graves of Horton O. Knapp, Amos Cooke, Charlotte Knapp Dole and Sanford Dole.

The "Old Frame House" in Honolulu, which was a center of missionary activities from 1821 to 1850, independent of United States mission boards, was presented by the Hawaiian Childrens' Society for a museum. Here I found pictures of the North Greenwich missionaries. In the Chamberlain Museum I found a mahogany bureau of Millicent Knapp's and

also a mahogany bedstead, doubtless taken from the Round Hill home. There was a large oil painting of Charlotte Close Knapp Dole.

On the church grounds stands a monument to the Rev. James Ke pe la, the first native Christian minister. He was born in Oahu in 1824. He did pioneer work in 1856 on the Marquesas Islands where he exerted a remarkable influence against cannibalism and tribal warfare. In 1864 he was rewarded by Abraham Lincoln for saving American seamen from cannibals. The efforts of those early days have benefitted our American boys in this war by the changes wrought in the Pacific Islands. I have read of their surprise to find trained nurses instead of cannibals on the Fiji Islands. I met a Navy Lieutenant the other day recently returned from the Island of Formosa. He said they were still warned that there were cannibals on Formosa.

Another point of interest to me in the Hawaiian connection was given me by Miss Harriet G. Forbes of the Library. Speaking of the four Hawaiian Boys who were sent to America as ship hands, in order to get an education, she said they were not allowed in America to attend schools with white children. So, for them, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions built a school house for foreigners in Cornwall, Conn. to meet the need of that time.

THE TWO CENTURIES END

With the death of William Henry Mead in North Greenwich on January 10, 1906, the move to Greenwich of the Silas Mead families in 1910, and the move to Lakeville, Conn. of Sarah and Agnes Mead in 1911, the last Mead residents were gone from North Greenwich. Sarah Mead died in September 1912. Mother's name, Cornelia M. Mead, remained on the church rolls until her death in Troy, October 18, 1930, at the age of eighty-seven. Aunt Jon's name, Mrs. Ezekiel Mead, remains today the only Mead name on the church roll. She is still an active member though living in Greenwich. Agnes Mead's death in Salisbury, Conn. April 1939 took the last Mead name of the direct line from the church roll. Hervey traces his ancestry back to North Greenwich through six lines while the rest of us go back through only four. But Hervey has no connection today with North Greenwich other than his personal interest. With Uncle Zeke's death in 1924 the last Mead of the direct line still in direct contact with the church was gone. He was still acting as Clerk of the Church.

A heroic conquering struggle marked the entrance of the first Meads into the new country, North Greenwich, in 1728. A heroic conquering struggle marked the entrance of the last Mead of North Greenwich into a "better country--that is a heavenly" in 1924. "And these all having obtained good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." Hebrews 11:39, 40.

A noble heritage!

A stirring commission!

HISTORICAL SKETCH
of the
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH at NORTH GREENWICH, CONN.
By Dea. Silas H. Mead
A Veteran of Eighty-One Years

The Poet has it:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

I think the idea of the poet is easily seen in the history of the North Greenwich church and society. It now seems evident that it was God's purpose that a meeting house for his worship should be built on this hill where it now stands. This ridge's first name was Byram Long Ridge; but there was a Quaker who owned a large part of it, and so it was called Quaker Ridge. His name was Marshall, and his house stood a little north east of where the Academy now stands. A Change was made. Deacon Obadiah Mead's great grandfather, by the name of Benjamin Mead, came and settled where he now lives, in 1728. After him, Eliphalet Mead, my wife's great grandfather, came and settled where Captain Merritt now lives. The next was Silas Mead, my great grandfather; he settled a little west of where Selah Savage now lives, in 1741. And then Henry Mead's great grandfather, by the name of Zebediah Mead, settled where he now lives. These four men were Christian men, who acted their religion as well as professed it.

For forty years there is no record of admissions to the church in Horseneck, so that the time these men made a profession of religion cannot be stated. I believe my grandfather made a profession at the age of fifteen. All that I can say is, they

and my grandfather's wife were members of the church in 1774, at the settlement of Mr. Murdock. These men were farmers, and they came that they might have more room to live. To give some idea of their adventure, I will give some history of two of them. Silas was told that he could not maintain a Christian character up there, and live peaceably with his neighbors. He replied, "If any man can do it, I can try." I think I have heard him say that the timber was so thick he did not have to draw a single stick for his barn frame, and not more than two or three for his house. It was said of Zebediah, that he went seven miles to meeting every Sabbath in the year on foot, and overtook the Minister every Sabbath between his house and the meeting house; that when he left his father's house, which stood behind the old oak tree at Cos Cob, to think he was going so far into the wilderness, made his mother shed tears.

They were all a go-to-meeting people. They were the only people who regarded the Sabbath, and took the Bible for their guide, within the limits of what is now this church and society. They were hard working men-they worked six days, and went to church on the Sabbath. Yes, they had to battle with the forest to live, and also for their religion. They had to live like people in a new country. My grandfather lived several years with no other inhabitant in the house but his old bobtailed cat.

Until 1790 there were no other religious people near them. They had no thought of building a meeting house, nor had they the means. They taught their children industry and prudence, which leads to a competence, and in a particular manner, things relating to eternity. Yes, they brought up their children to reverence the Sabbath, and to attend on the means of grace. They could take their wives or their children on the horse behind

them and go six or seven miles to meeting; or their wives could take a horse alone, and go. I have heard my grandfather say he had a horse he called Old Jolly; he could put a woman's saddle on him and his wife could get on him, put her arm through the reins, and her hands in her muff, and go; the horse would keep up with the company. Yes, they taught their children, and they their children, and so on down to the third and fourth generation, to fear God and keep his commandments, and, of course, their property increased, till their prosperity owned all Quaker Ridge, and more too. Now, if these men had not set up the standard of piety in this place, this house would never have been built. And I do not see why they do not deserve their full share of praise, if praise belongs to any mortal man. And I do not see why they were not instruments in the affair as much as those who were more immediately engaged in it. It was God's work, and we and they were only his instruments, and neither they nor we had any idea but that we acted as we chose without any constraint. Certainly, we looked to God for His blessing, but felt no restraint.

And now I will pass on to 1797. These four families had become six. At this time Calvin Mead, of this place, and Joshua Mead of Round Hill, with his wife, united with the church. In 1799, the Horseneck Society commenced building a new meeting house; it was three years in building. It was built by taxing the society; the society lines were fixed by the Legislature. The line ran across Round Hill, just below where Charles W. Knapp now lives and so across the river; so the lower part of Round Hill and Quaker Ridge belongs to Horseneck Society. And to show that the people in this region did not want to have their religion at others' expense, they not only paid their full tax, but, when the wall was put on, one went six miles and tended mason all day, and home at night, without

charge. And, again: after the house was finished, they wanted a bell. It was not as easy to get a bell then as now, for they had to send to England for it. And then, as I understand it, they could not send the money and get it. So they got Major Hickford, who was an officer in the King's army in the Revolutionary War, and who received a pension from England, to get it for them by way of his pension. He lived where Mrs. Rudd now lives. The bell was paid for by subscription, and principally by the people in this place. These six families lived like Christian neighbors: no law suits, no wrangles; each one's interest was strictly separate from the others. Yet in every case where help was needed, all were ready to help, so far as they could with their hands, without charge. Gilbert Close and his wife, Charlotte, joined the people of God in 1801.

And now I will pass on to the fall of 1816. Then a young man, by the name of Peter Lockwood, came to Horseneck and held evening meetings, while Isaac Lewis, D. D., preached on the Sabbath. There was quite a revival of religion, and several were admitted to the church from this region. In 1817, the Rev. Dr. Lewis, now about seventy years old, felt that he must soon give up his charge, as pastor, and thought they could not get another minister for the salary he had. He thought it would be well for them to have a fund, and went through his parish and got such subscriptions as he could for that purpose. He came to this place; and, remembering the bell, the money that was subscribed was on condition that if we ever became a church and society it should come back to us. That shows the subject of building a meeting house in this place was thought about then, and how much before I do not know.

In 1818, Connecticut formed a new constitution, which did away with all society lines and every-

thing of the kind. Dr. Lewis resigned his charge, and his son took his place as pastor.

Sometime after that Mr. Lewis invited a brother minister (Mr. Haight) to visit this part of the society with him, and finding out the feelings of the people on their return, he told Mr. Lewis there would have to be a meeting house up here, and he could not help it. Of course, that did not hinder the agitation of the subject at all, but rather increased it. In the fall of 1822, another young man, by the name of Brinsmade, came and held evening meetings, and another revival followed, a great deal larger than the other, when a large number were added to the church, and, of course, a number from this region. So far as we were concerned, the talk about the meeting house increased. By this time they began to talk of building a Methodist Meeting House in Round Hill; if that had been built, this would not. Time passed on till after harvest in 1826, and the meeting house in Round Hill was not built, and the time seemed to have come for action. One man went into his house and asked his wife which she would have first - a new house or a meeting house. She very promptly replied, "a meeting house."

It was not long after that there was notice given that there would be a meeting at the house of Jehial Mead, to take into consideration what should be done in relation to building a meeting house, and to take such action as was thought best. All were invited who had an interest in it. When the appointed day came, there appeared thirteen persons, from eleven families. There was one spectator who came over seven miles. He said he wanted to see what conclusion we came to. And now we will notice the position we were in.

There was at the east a Congregational Meeting House in Stanwich, five miles distant; south east,

a Congregational Meeting House at Horse Neck, seven miles distant, to which we belonged; south, a Baptist Meeting House, four miles distant; south west, a Quaker Meeting House, four miles distant; west, a Dutch Reformed, six miles distant; north west, a Methodist Meeting House, four miles distant, at North Castle; and north, a Presbyterian Meeting House, ten miles distant, at Bedford. Those were all the places of worship, only where they crowded into school-houses.

It is easy to be seen it was difficult, for families that had to go on foot, to attend meeting; and, besides, on three sides of us the enemy seemed to be coming in like a flood upon us, and we concluded that it was necessary that a standard should be lifted up against him, and voted unanimously that we would build a Meeting House, and try to support the Gospel here. We appointed our foreman and secretary and treasurer. Then the great topic of conversation was building the meeting-house. As near as I can understand, everyone that did not have a hand in it, thought it worse than folly--it was madness. One man said he would give the straw to thatch the roof, but come to the case in hand, he would do nothing. There was a subscription paper circulated in the Mother Society. They gave a little over two hundred dollars---four families gave ninety-five of it. One family was called on, perhaps the most liberal in town, who gave the first donation of any amount to the benevolent objects of the day. The father, a very good man, subscribed fifteen dollars; and as he hitched back from the table, he said he considered that like so much thrown away; his son put down ten dollars. We went to Mr. Buffett, pastor of Stanwich Church for counsel. He said if we could count sixty or seventy families, he thought we might venture to go ahead. Yet he helped us all he could; and when he gave up his charge in Stanwich, we leaned on him in every emergency. He

acted the part of a father to us as long as he was able.

Although the papers containing the doings of the society were carefully laid up, yet the building of the meeting-house and the support of the minister so took up our attention that we did not think of these papers until many years had passed away; not until the secretary was dead, and his son, too, and the property went into other hands. When it was thought of, we inquired of the son's widow, who said, in looking over some things, she found a bundle of papers, thought they were of no use, and put them in the fire. So we have no account of the society's doings until the spring of 1828. But we lived not far apart and could see each other often and talk the matter over. It was not long before we agreed who we would have for boss carpenter. He was seen and it was agreed that he should furnish two men beside himself, and we would furnish three--that would make six. Sometime in December he was invited to look at Stanwich Meeting-house, it being the nearest the size we wanted to build. He made out a bill of timber for the house, to be thirty-eight by fifty feet. The bill was circulated round to any and everyone who would get a stick, until it was all taken. The night after we got the bill we had a fall of snow and had good sledding till nearly every stick was drawn. I think the snow began to soften and the last few sticks stuck a little. So we were favored, and everything went on charmingly.

After we began to get the timber on the ground, one of the mothers said we ought to have a prayer-meeting; and we had it. There was but one of the fathers who was a professor of religion; and he being a little advanced in life and not used to taking lead in meetings, it fell on us boys. We had our meetings at the four houses nearest together. The mothers came, and brought their husbands and

children with them; and in looking over since, I have asked myself, why did they come? It could not be to be interested in the exercises, and I am sure they did not come to criticize. No, it must have been to unite and help ask God's blessing; and they had it. The first of March, on the day appointed, the carpenters came. Invitation had been given to all who would help score the timber, and we had a lively day.

There was a team on the ground, and the boss had all he could do to get the sticks in proper position to be hewed, and line them; the carpenters had nothing to do but hew. I believe the timber was all scored without charge. It was then fashionable for mechanics to board where they did their work, and the six families living nearest by agreed to board them, taking them a week at a time, and so round and round again until the house was finished. The names of the families were Obadiah Mead, Jehial Mead, Darius Mead, Levi Mead, Calvin Mead, and Silas H. Mead. There was no charge made for anything we could do. We had no distilled liquor about the building. When lime was wanted for the walls, one went to Ridgefield and engaged it, and we went in our wagons and brought it in one day. The house was covered with cedar shingles; Gilbert Close had them shaved at his own expense.

And so the summer passed away prosperously, and the earth brought forth by handfulls, and thus we were prospered on every hand. The question was several times asked, "How large a congregation we expected to have?" It was answered, "Perhaps thirty to begin with." Our congregation the first winter was one hundred and forty. We had the house finished, painted, furnished, paid for, dedicated, and a church organized on Christmas Day, 1827.

We had a minister engaged, Chauncey Wilcox,

and he preached for us the next Sabbath and we have had meetings here every Sabbath since, except when the snowbanks prevented. We had a prosperous winter, our church nearly doubled. We organized with eighteen members: One from Starwich, Hannah (Close), wife of Lewis Mead; two from Round Hill, Rebecca (Holly), wife of Seymour Hobby, and Sarah (Knapp), wife of Isaac Peck; the rest from this place. Calvin Mead and Deborah (Mead), his wife; Hannah (Peck), wife of Darius Mead; Abigail (Rundle), wife of Levi Mead; Obediah Mead and Alla (Mead), his wife; Luther Mead and Annis (Mead), his wife; Thirza (Mead), widow of James Palmer; William Lounsberry, Lewis Mead, Silas H. Mead, Huldah Mead, Heman Mead and Susan Lounsberry.

There is no city or village near. Then there were not more than seven families that respected the Sabbath within a mile of the meeting house. There have been 436 persons who have belonged to this church: eighteen to begin with, 118 added by letter, and 300 by profession. We have dismissed to other churches 194, buried 86, dismissed by discipline 14. There are now 142 members. As near as I can make out, of the 300 added by profession, 184 were 25 years old or under; of these 158 were 20 years old or under, and many 15 years or under; quite a number 10 years old or under; the youngest between 6 and 7. That little girl has sustained a Christian character for forty-six years, and I am not afraid to challenge anyone to bring aught against her Christian character; and it is my opinion that she will hold on to the end of life. There have been four members of this church who went as missionaries under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to the Sandwich Islands; three who entered the ministry: four who married ministers.

We have had no assistance from the Home Missionary Society, but have always contributed to

the benevolent institutions of the day. I do not think we ought to claim more than forty families that have any of our members in them. A large part of the grown people who come to our meetings on the Sabbath are members of the church. We have used no alcoholic wine in the church since 1850; but we use the fruit of the vine and not the fruit of fermentation.

We have had six pastors:

Chauncey Wilcox, ordained June 25th, 1828, dismissed May 5th, 1846, died, aged 55, Jan. 31st, 1852.
Frederick Munson, ordained Sept. 22nd, 1847, dismissed April 22nd, 1856.

John Blood, installed Nov. 11th, 1856, dismissed October 12th, 1858.

William H. Knouse, ordained May 4th, 1859, dismissed May 3rd, 1863.

William P. Alcott, ordained Feb. 18th, 1868, dismissed August 4th, 1874.

Alpheus Winter, installed June 27th, 1876.

Also two acting pastors:

Lemuel Potwin, from Sept. 4th, 1863 till March 1st, 1865.

Solomon R. Schofield, from May 2nd, 1865 till May 1st, 1867.

We have had three deacons, all of whom are now living:

Silas H. Mead, ordained December 25th, 1827.

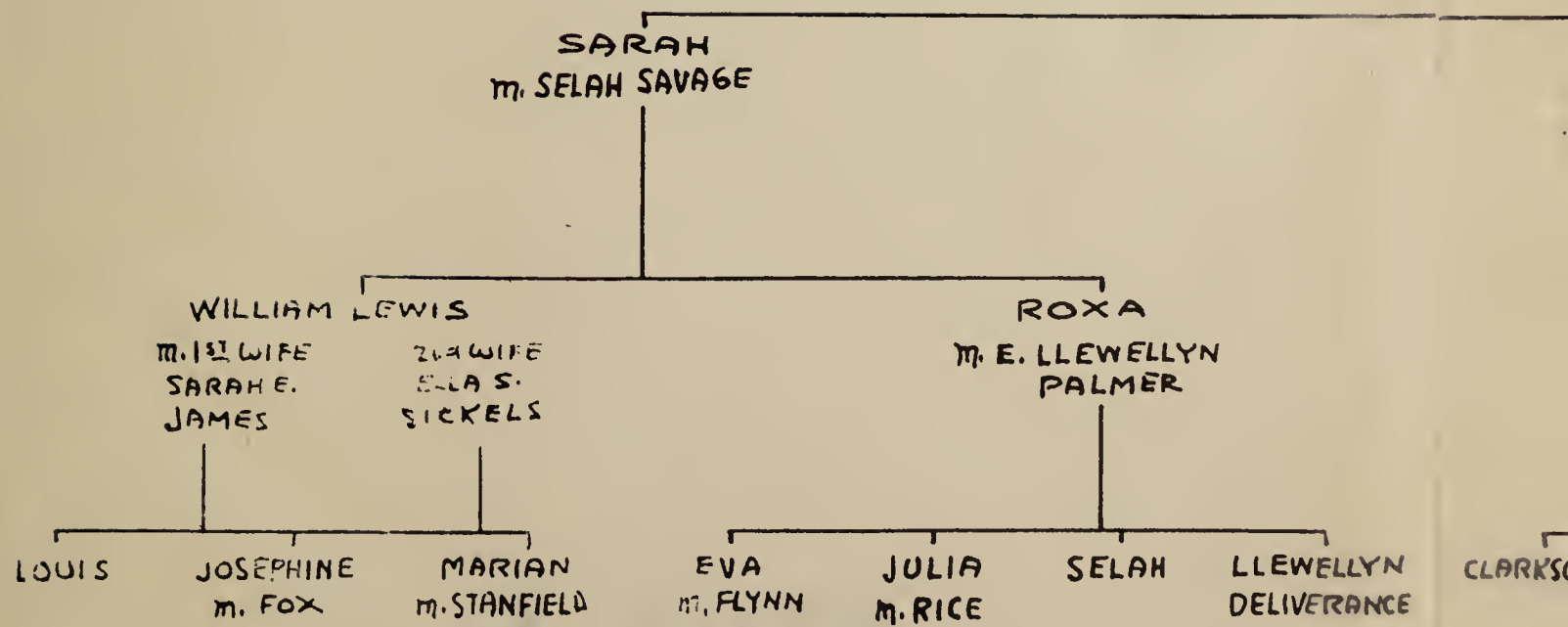
Obadiah Mead, ordained September 28th, 1828.

Josiah Wilcox, ordained September 2nd, 1864.

Two hundred and eighty-one different ministers have preached in this house: Five Episcopalians, Five Baptists, Eighteen Methodists, One Quakeress, and One Jew; the rest Congregationalist,

Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed.

Our Sabbath-School was organized sometime in April, 1828, in a building some sixty rods west of the meeting-house, with Heman Mead for Superintendent, and continued in that building until the fall when it was removed to the meeting-house. This school, we have had good reason to believe, has been a benefit to outsiders, as well as ourselves.



WILLIAM MEAD

JOHN MEAD
11 CHILDREN

EBENEZER I - 4th CHILD
M. SARAH KNAPP
OF STAMFORD
9 CHILDREN

DAVID
6th CHILD

BENJAMIN I
7th CHILD
1st WIFE SARAH WATERBURY
5 CHILDREN
2nd WIFE RACHEL BROWN
6 CHILDREN

EBENEZER II
M. HANNAH BROWN
10 CHILDREN

CALEB I
2nd CHILD
M. MARY HOLMES

NATHANIEL

BENJAMIN II
1st CHILD
M. MARTHA FERRIS
10 CHILDREN

ELIPHALET I
3rd CHILD
M. ABIGAIL

KEZIAH
5th CHILD
2nd WIFE OF CAPT. ISAAC HOWE

ZEVEDIAH
8th CHILD
M. —

MARY
10th CHILD
M. SILAS SR.

SILAS SR.
2nd CHILD
M. MARY
DAU. BENJ. I
7 CHILDREN

JONAS I
4th CHILD
M. 1st WIFE SARAH FERRIS

REV. SOLOMON
5th CHILD
M. 1st WIFE HANNAH STRONG

DELIVERANCE
6th CHILD
M. ABIGAIL HOWE
DAU. OF CAPT. ISAAC HOWE AND KEZIAH MEAD

CAPT. CALEB II
M. HANNAH RUNDEL

DAVID
M. ANNA
DAU. BENJ. III

BENJAMIN III
1st CHILD
M. MARY REYNOLDS

CAPT. SYLVANUS
6th CHILD
M. SYBIL WOOD

ELIPHALET II
M. ANNE RUNDEL

JEHIAL
M. DEBORAH
DAU. CAPT. CALEB MEAD II

ABAGAIL
M. DELIVERANCE MEAD

LEVI
1st CHILD
M. ABIGAIL RUNDEL
NO CHILDREN

HENRY
2nd CHILD
M. EUNICE ROGERS

SILAS JR.
1st CHILD

ABNER
2nd CHILD

AARON
3rd CHILD
M. SARAH
DAU. ELIPHALET MEAD I

CALVIN
4th CHILD
M. DEBORAH
DAU. JEHIAL II
10 CHILDREN

MARY
7th CHILD
M. JONAH
SON OF CAPT. CALEB - 3rd WIFE

EDMOND
1st CHILD
M. THEODOSIA
DAU. BENJ. III

DEACON ANDREW
M. ELIZABETH BOUTON

SARAH
M. SILAS JR.

DEBORAH
4th CHILD
M. JEHIAL I

MARY
8th CHILD
M. EZEKIEL REYNOLDS

SARAH
UNMARRIED
"AUNT SALLIE"

SILAS HERVEY
M. HARRIET
DAU. JEHIAL II
2 CHILDREN

FRANCIS
DIED YOUNG

LEANDER
1st CHILD
M. ANNA
DAU. DARIUS

LUTHER
2nd CHILD
M. ANNIS
DAU. DEACON ANDREW MEAD OF GREEKNICH

THIRZA
3rd CHILD
M. JAMES PALMER

MARCUS
6th CHILD
M. HARRIET STURGES

HEMAN
9th CHILD
M. MARGARET WEST

LUCINDA
10th CHILD
UNMARRIED

OBADIAH
5th CHILD

ANNIS
M. LUTHER
SON OF CALVIN

DEBORAH
M. CALVIN
SON OF SILAS SR.
10 CHILDREN

JEHIAL II
M. PHEBE
DAU. OF BENJ. III

MARY
M. REYNOLD TOMPKINS CLOSE

OBADIAH
5th CHILD
M. 2nd WIFE ALA
DAU. OF DARIUS

HARRIET
M. SILAS H.

ANNA
M. LEANDER
SON OF CALVIN

ALLA
M. OBADIAH
SON OF EDMOND

HARRIET
M. SILAS H.

ANNA
M. ASEL
SON OF CAPT. SYLVANUS

HENRY
3rd CHILD
M. ABIGAIL SMITH

WILLIAM HENRY
1st CHILD
M. MARY BRUNDAGE

SILAS DELIVERANCE
M. EMILY LOUISA CLOSE

MARCUS
M. CLARISSA L. PARKER

JAMES
M. MARY WEST

WILLIAM EDWARD
M. ADELIA
DAU. COL. THOMAS A. MEAD
ONE OF "NINE COUSINS"

ELIZABETH
M. CHARLES WALLACE

ANNIS
M. WALLACE ANDRUS

MARY
M. HANNAH ALBERT MORRIS

ALETTA MARGARET

ELLEN M.
M. CALEB HEALY

AUGUSTUS
M. ELLEN ELLYN

ELLEN ELLYN
M. ROXA
DAU. SARAH (MEAD) SAVAGE

HANNAH
M. B. LIVINGSTONE MEAD

HELEN
M. GRACE

GRACE
M. ETHEL

EZEKIEL
M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

SARAH
M. SELAH SAVAGE

WILLIAM LEWIS
M. 1st WIFE SARAH JAMES

ROXA
M. E. LLEWELLYN PALMER

MYRTILLA
M. LIVINGSTONE DISBROW

SILAS EDWARD
M. CORNELIA N. WILCOX

EMILY CORNELIA
UNMARRIED

SARAH CLARISSA
(CHILD)

HORATIO BARDWELL
M. LORA E. STOCKWELL

HARRIET ALTHEA
M. B. LIVINGSTONE MEAD

EZEKIEL
M. JENNIE E. BAKER

ELLEN M.
M. CALEB HEALY

AUGUSTUS
M. ELLEN ELLYN

ELLEN ELLYN
M. ROXA
DAU. SARAH (MEAD) SAVAGE

HANNAH
M. B. LIVINGSTONE MEAD

HELEN
M. GRACE

GRACE
M. ETHEL

EZEKIEL
M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

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ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

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DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

LOUIS

JOSEPHINE
M. FOX

MARIAN
M. STANFIELD

EVA
M. FLYNN

JULIA
M. RICE

SELAH

LLEWELLYN
DELIVERANCE

CLARKSON

EMILY

HARRIET
M. BLECK

SILAS FRANCIS

MABEL
WILCOX

LOUISE
CELESTIA
M. FELTUS

JOSIAH
WILLIS

M. MARGARET
M. ARVIDSON

SILAS FRANCIS

ELIZABETH
M. HANING

HERVEY

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

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ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

ELLEN M.

ANNIS

M. JENNIE E. BAKER

DOUGLASS

EBENEZER
M. SARAH
OF
STAMP
9 CHIL

RY
LD
IAH
OF
LEB
WIFE

LUCINDA
10th CHILD
UN
MARRIED

MARGARET

6201 1

